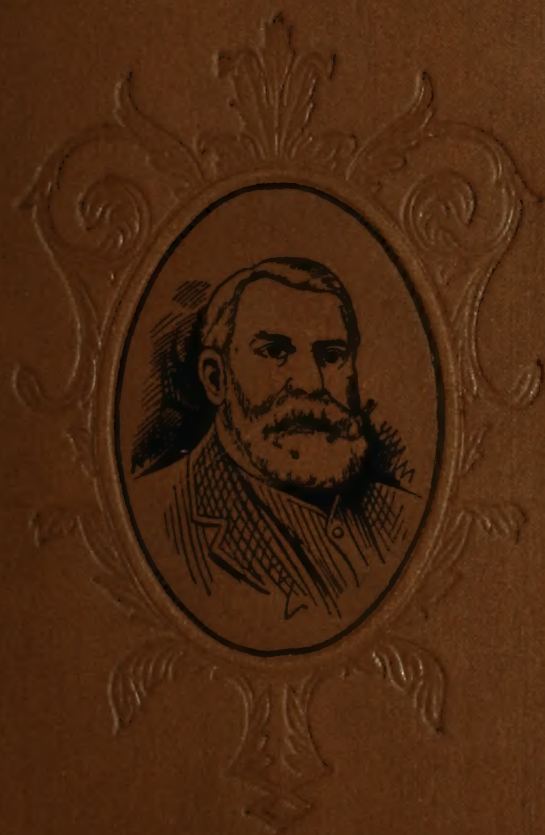


DWIGHT L. MOODY

*THE LIFE-WORK OF A
MODERN EVANGELIST*



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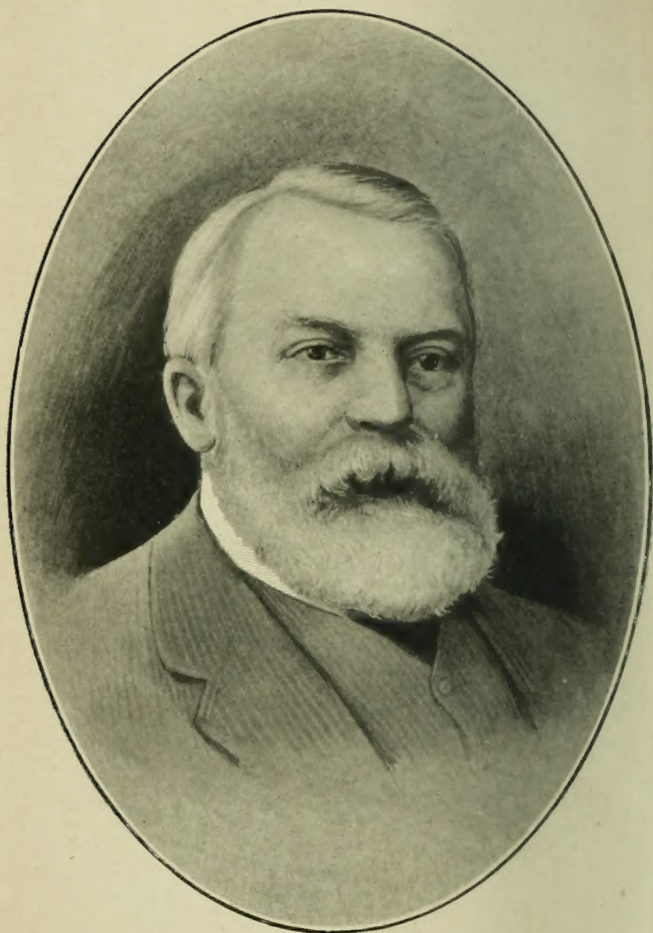
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DWIGHT L. MOODY





DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

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THE LIFE-WORK OF A MODERN EVANGELIST

BY

REV. JOHN HERRIDGE BATT

AUTHOR OF "THE SPIRIT OF LIFE," "THE PATTERN PRAYER," "CONSECRATION
AND SERVICES," "THE PRESENT POSITION OF A PROTESTANT EVANGELICAL
MINISTRY," ETC.

"The world has yet to learn what God can do with one man
who is whole-hearted, and entirely consecrated to the service of
the Lord Jesus Christ."

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1902

To
MY WIFE AND CHILDREN
AND BROTHER,
MY NEAREST OF KIN BY TIES OF
BLOOD AND LOVE.

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY	II
I. HIS BIRTH	19
II. LEAVING HOME	23
III. HIS CONVERSION	28
IV. DEFINITENESS IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK	41
V. THE MISSION PASTOR	54
VI. THE NEW BAPTISM	69
VII. THE GREAT CAMPAIGN IN ENGLAND	76
VIII. CONTINUANCE OF THE WORK	109
IX. THE HYMN-BOOK	117
X. MR. MOODY AS BIBLE STUDENT	123
XI. MR. MOODY AS PUBLIC TEACHER	140
XII. NORTHFIELD AND MOUNT HERMON INSTITUTIONS	151
XIII. OTHER MISSIONS TO THE CLOSE	161
XIV. LOVE, LIGHT, AND SORROW AT EVENTIDE	178

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE INTERIOR OF THE AUDITORIUM, NORTHFIELD .	43
(On the platform are Mr. Moody, Mr. Sankey, Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, and Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor.)	
IRA D. SANKEY	65
THE SEMINARY FOR GIRLS, NORTHFIELD	103
JUST OUT FROM MORNING CHAPEL	103
A GROUP OF MOUNT HERMON BOYS	133
SOME STUDENTS OF MOUNT HERMON	133
MR. MOODY : A DRIVE ROUND THE FARM	155
A GROUP OF STUDENTS, NORTHFIELD	169
A VIEW OF NORTHFIELD	169
MR. MOODY'S RESIDENCE AT NORTHFIELD	187
ROUND TOP, NORTHFIELD, WHERE MR. MOODY IS BURIED	187

INTRODUCTORY

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY was an evangelist of great gifts which he used faithfully and well in manifold service. His work extended over fields so wide that few saw more than sections of it; and it embraced organisations so various and activities so incessant that one needs to take pains if he desires to learn in any degree how astonishingly diversified and energetic it was. Wherever he pitched his tent he seemed to divine that the camping-ground he occupied lay over diamond-fields and gold reefs, which he was free to work as one who possessed "mining rights" in all lands. The glorious output of his toil these years past has enlarged and enriched the Kingdom of Heaven both in Europe and America and other parts of the world. It mattered not whether he found himself in Chicago or New York, in Boston or Philadelphia, in London or Liverpool, in Edinburgh or Glasgow, in Belfast or Dublin, or other places for which these cities were chief rallying points, it sufficed that men, women, and children were there with their cry and claim, their sorrows, sins, anguish, aspirations, and needs. He felt that he possessed a prescriptive right to quarry and search anywhere

for what he could find and recover. This was a right that the people of God, with the beautiful instinct that they have for a true man, were glad everywhere to concede.

The materials of his missions might be anything human : little children, whom he always loved ; tainted and corrupted womanhood, which he pitied and—himself among the purest and most chivalrous of noble and clean men—strove to raise and re-instate ; lawless city youths who discovered that a helper was at hand whom they could not outwit ; strong men amongst whom he bore himself as one that was strong ; the weak of every degree to whom he became as weak that he might win them to the Saviour ; broken-down gentility that found it difficult to shuffle out of his sight, or gentility that was at the other extreme of our strange life and lounged in luxury and fared sumptuously every day—"the submerged tenth," or "the upper ten," it mattered not ; human life in all its motley variety had, for him, one appeal and one claim : that appeal came out of the heart of humanity into his own ; that claim on him of service was writ large in the Cross of Christ, his Lord.

This considerate and catholic interest in "all sorts and conditions of men" made him from his youth onwards quick to discern and prompt to act ; and is, by general admission, the mark of a life planned on a large scale—the sign-manual of an Evangelist of the first rank. John Wesley bore it. "General" Booth of the Salvation Army bears it. "The world is my parish," said the great evangelist of the last century, whose work yielded fruit in living souls and became permanent in Methodism,

and beyond. To the apathy of that age, such large claim looked like a self-assurance not to be endured, an egotistic assumption insufferable in the eyes of all right-minded men. But the age did not know him. We have had to move off to the distance of a century or more in order to take the perspective and measure the proportions of his work. The *Spectator* has recently declared that Wesley was the most influential Englishman that ever lived. He built better than he knew, his measurements were taken from a great evangel, learnt from the world's Redeemer and Master. Schooled under the Great Teacher, he could not be narrow. His ideas for Christ's reign of love and mercy were imperial. He accepted the plans of the gospel and made them the scale of his work, and threw away his own.

St. Paul had done the same at the beginning of his apostolic ministry. Delivered by the grace of God from the narrowness of his early training, he found a world-wide ministry. He discovered "that the Gentiles are fellow-heirs, and fellow-members of the body, and fellow-partakers of the promises in Christ Jesus through the gospel." He learnt that "unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, was this grace given, to preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to make all men see what is the dispensation of the mystery which from all ages hath been hid in God who created all things." In this way he learnt the length and breadth of his mission. So was it with the Apostle Peter. The liberalising Spirit of Pentecost led him to say to the polyglot multitude, "To you is the promise, and to your children, and to all that are

afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call unto Him." The later vision given in prayer taught him not to "make common" "what God hath cleansed," and to make "no distinction" between men. With events that occurred three days later, there came a rush of Pentecostal memories, he "remembered the word of the Lord, how that He said . . . Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost." All too prone to relapse into the narrow circle of Jewish thinking and prejudice, he was thus recalled to the Pentecostal apostolic attitude, and became in his visit to Cornelius at Cæsarea the pioneer messenger of glad tidings of salvation to the nations of the world. He grew to be broad-minded by the experience through which he was led and the character of the work he was called upon to initiate.

The same distinction and quality mark the work of evangelists and ministers of Christ of the first order in our own day. They become men of wide outlook of service ; and, in turn—and in time—receive from the Christian public recognition and acceptance as wide as it is generous. A range of plan that would be otherwise pretentious—the mere product of ambition, when the genuine outcome of consecration to Christ and an expectant and trustful grasp of the world-wide scope of the gospel, completely transfigures a man's character and life. The followers of Christ who are trained in His service "touch afar." Their interests are great because His are.

This characteristic runs through Dwight L. Moody's life-work, the one modern American whose name may be placed side by side with that of John

Wesley in the England of the eighteenth century, and William Booth in the England of the nineteenth century, as that of an evangelist of the first rank. Our object in this story of his life is to recount his work and walk, to the glad honour of his memory and the glory of Him whose he was "by all ties." He was the most modest and humble of men, and always sensitively shrank back from praise. We therefore best show our reverent regard by putting all we say in a light that brings the honour and glory alone to his Master and Lord.

In turning to the name of the evangelist, we have been struck, as others have, with the name he bore, Dwight Lyman, and have wondered why these two Christian names were given him. In the absence of direct information we are left to our own surmise, and have supposed that possibly they were selected on account of a parent's veneration for names that were held in high esteem in those parts at that time.

The custom of giving the names of popular religious leaders to children probably represents parental ideals, and shows the desire that those who bare them may rise to the same high level of worth and renown. So far it is commendable. When sons and daughters turn out well and do honour to the names they bear, there is no sense of incongruity or inappropriateness in the fondly made selection. It is, however, far otherwise when they carry the weight of their names unworthily.

The names *Dwight* and *Lyman* that meet in Mr. Moody's name probably show the laudable ambition of the mother and father for their son, and may be accepted as an indication of the tendency and

aspirations derived from the Puritan stock traceable in their ancestry. Both *Dwight* and *Lyman* were names to charm with at the end of the last century and the beginning of this in the little States of Massachusetts and Connecticut that lie snugly together on the eastern seaboard of New England.

Dr. *Timothy Dwight* was president of Yale College, Newhaven, and Professor of Divinity, in the days of the mother's girlhood. His "Theology explained and defended in a series of one hundred and seventy-three sermons," was favourite reading for many years with serious-minded people in those parts as well as further afield on both sides of the Atlantic. He was the most famous and influential divine in the American Churches of those days, after Jonathan Edwards, who had lived just a generation earlier. His works have not "the asbestos element"¹ in them that mark the monumental books written by the master-thinker and revivalist of Northampton, Massachusetts; but they furnished good store for devout minds in all the churches. Now we have mentioned Jonathan Edwards' name, we would add that no tradition seems to exist that the Northampton revivals reached the Moody family on either the mother or the father's side. *Dwight* was a name of renown in all Christian circles in the early years of this century. We have no evidence that the second name given to the boy was a family name any more than the first; and we are left to surmise that it, too, was taken from a man of fame and goodness. Looking round the circle of great men in the New England Churches of the day, we

¹ "Books for the Heart," Edwards' "Religious Affections," Introduction, p. 24. Melrose, 16, Pilgrim Street.

recall *Lyman* Beecher, the preacher, an eminent divinity student under Dwight, the father of the much better known son Henry Ward Beecher, and daughter Harriet Beecher Stowe. He was a popular minister in Boston, as the Northfield mother would be aware. And what fancy would kindle a Christian mother's soul more quickly than that a son of hers should live to emulate the renown of the great preacher of the chief city of her native State? This conjecture may, of course, be wide of the mark, and it should not be taken for more than it is worth. But so we like to think. Or was there any other *Lyman* whom we have failed to trace, after whom the child was called? The parents perpetuated great names in their son's name, little dreaming, notwithstanding their aspirations and prayers for him at his birth, which would be what those of parents often are, that he would live to win a fame and a name for himself as worthy and renowned and permanent in the Church of God as the names of the eminent divines presumably coupled together at his baptism in his Christian name. The two good men, who were in the height of their fame in the earlier period of the century, the one a theologian, the other pulpit orator, and both familiar with the river valley that runs through Northfield, now for ever linked with Dwight Lyman Moody's name and work, gave to him their names, we venture to suggest as expressing his parents' admiration, and half unconsciously, perhaps, their noble ambition for his own future.

It is pleasant now to see how well the local names chosen for the son sat on him; how worthily he filled out the tradition they bore. Moody's theology

of the New Testament was "explained and defended" in many more sermons than those of the Yale Divinity Professor ; and they were preached over a vastly wider field and have been circulated far more extensively. Moody was pre-eminently the popular New Testament teacher and Bible student for multitudes of people both in New England and Old England, and farther still during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. And for popular speaking gifts, when submitted to the test of success in holding vast audiences for weeks together in the populous cities of many States in America and many counties in Britain, who is there that surpasses him ?

DWIGHT L. MOODY

CHAPTER I

HIS BIRTH

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY was born February 5, 1837, on the little family holding of a couple of acres or so, at Northfield, Massachusetts. He was the sixth child in a family of eight children. The time when he first saw the light was a period of toil and of deepening trouble in the family, with little to relieve and cheer beyond the home-love. He was scarcely out of his infancy when his father died suddenly. The father left his work one day, came home, and went upstairs to bed ill and in great pain. He knelt in prayer at his bedside, and died as he knelt. Who may know the rush of thought in that father's mind in those last moments of his life as he prayed, we may be sure, for the burdened loved ones as for himself? Who may know how much the dying prayer of his lips, heard only by God, had to do with the lifting in due time of the cloud that veiled and darkened the toiler's home?

Two months after the father's death the mother gave birth to twins ; and the family, now orphaned, was increased to eight children. The mother was alone in her sorrow, in straitened circumstances, with creditors pressing for the payment of debts, and repeating their demands, which the widowed mother could do nothing to meet, until they stepped in and swept away all that the law allowed them to take, leaving her with nothing but her little holding and her large family : her only wealth her honest hands and brave heart. Surely few lone widowed mothers have found labour and sorrow as Betsy Moody found them in the ten years that followed her husband's death !

Long years after she communicated a secret of those sorrowful days to her children, which was, that though she always kept a smile and a cheery word for them, she cried herself to sleep every night for the first year after her husband was taken from her side. The wonder is that she was not crushed by the burden that fell upon her. If it were not that families and homes are continually learning how much mothers can bear, we should have said that she must have broken down under her trial. We know that she did not. *Why* she did not, she knew better than we can know. The secret was with her. Her trust was in God, who is "a father of the fatherless and a judge of the widows," and undertakes in love the trusteeship of the bereaved and dependent and forsaken : "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive ; and let thy widows trust in Me." She had heard in the dark solitude and sorrow of her soul this heartening promise of the Lord of life to the smitten and

brokenhearted. But during the ten or twelve years that followed the year 1840 it seemed as though all elements of adversity and affliction combined to overwhelm both her and hers.

The story of the early struggle of the boy, Dwight Lyman, to find his feet, has been often told since those days ; and by none more graphically and gratefully than by the boy himself. It has interest for tens of thousands of English speaking people all over the world to-day.

It begins with the deep-cut pain he felt and never forgot when his father died. The tidings came in school hours, when a rough neighbour who was passing the schoolhouse, stopped and shouted in at the window that if any of the Moody boys were there they had better go home, for their father was dead ! The little fellows went home to the scene of awesome desolation and tears. They stood about in fear and restless silence. Hard necessity made their school days all too short. The teaching they got was, however, good as far as it went ; but it did not go very far. It did not pass beyond very elementary subjects—a little reading, a little writing, and a little arithmetic ; instilled by a little discipline, at first of the rod, then, owing to a change in the method of treatment brought about by a change of teachers, of love and moral suasion. This latter method, administered by a woman teacher, answered well with young D. L. Moody. He was taken out of school and sent to work the first summer he was able to earn anything. This was when he was under ten years of age. He put his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder by obtaining employment in driving a neighbour's cows to and from

pasture at a cent a day. At an entertainment provided at the close of a winter school term, he joined other boys in giving recitations. On this occasion when on the eve of leaving regular school attendance altogether, he gave signs, we are told, of considerable power to move and delight his audience.

We must picture him at this time as a healthy, active boy, brimming over with fun and frolic, and greatly given to playing practical jokes. No one is able to recall that at the time of his leaving home for his first situation away from his native place, he showed any indications whatever of interest in religion.

CHAPTER II

LEAVING HOME

THE home from which he went forth, while yet a child of tender years, was a home of piety, because of the devout mother who was in it. She patiently and steadfastly toiled and prayed, and prayed and toiled, in the hope of bringing up her numerous family well. She attended the Unitarian church, whose minister baptized Dwight in the Name of the Trinity, singular as this may sound to some ears. The New England Unitarianism, with which Mrs. Moody stood connected, was a system that answered fairly accurately to what in England is known as Broad Churchism. Strict regard was paid to the ethical teaching of Christianity, which was maintained side by side with much doctrinal indefiniteness. There was intelligence, devoutness, reverence, dignity, uprightness; but the type of piety cultivated was cold, with little or no recognition or experience of the place the Holy Spirit holds in the life and work of the Christian Church, to which the son was to give so much distinctness and emphasis throughout his evangelistic career. The creed held, so far as it was defined and formulated, was scarcely evangelical.

This was the religious atmosphere the lad at first breathed. There was nothing in it to show what his future would be ; certainly nothing to forecast his career as a Christian teacher, yet something, surely, to indicate what the integrity and honesty and strength of his personal character would become. If early moral training may be accepted as a clue to a lad's future character, then the moral training D. L. Moody received from his mother in the few and precious years he was at home with her may be taken as a sign of promise that he would become in future years the man, in personal uprightness, we know him to have been. The mother impressed upon her children the necessity of forming early habits of truthfulness and honesty. She took great pains to show them the obligation they were under to keep their word. When once they had given their promise, they were to regard it as sacred. Under no pretext whatever were they to break it. "What did you say?" she would ask. "Did you promise?" If so, they were to abide by their promise, whatever inconvenience they might suffer in consequence. As an instance of this we may repeat the story of Dwight's unpleasant experience when he first essayed to go out and earn his own support. He sought the aid in his predicament of an older brother. His aim was to get out of an agreement entered into to work during the winter months for his keep, his complaint being that he was badly fed. His mother made inquiry, and when she discovered that the fare, though coarse and poor, was enough, she compelled him to stand by his engagement.

Thus early may we trace the training which gave him the straightforwardness and high sense of

honour that marked and adorned his after-life. If many things had wasted out of the family, the traditional Puritan strictness and probity had not. The ethical habit of the noble-spirited mother was still all that it had been in the better days. This goes a long way to explain how it was that the doleful prediction of some of her neighbours was not fulfilled, to the effect that if she brought up her intractable and spirited boys at home, and did not apprentice them, they would come to a bad end ; in fact—if it be worth while to recall the neighbours' foreboding—they would become jail-birds and terminate their career as felons and malefactors. Those who said this were not aware how much a noble mother counts for ; and what the power is that lies in a daily atmosphere of wholesome and steadfast piety.

Dwight's first step right away from home was taken when he joined one of his brothers to work in a store at Greenfield, a dozen miles off. This brother got the place for him more for company for himself than for any other reason. The sense of loneliness and misery from which the little fellow suffered on first getting there was sad to witness. He had cried all the way from home, and his tears were not fewer now he had reached his place. He kept out of sight of the cross-looking old couple—as he thought them—with whom he had come to live, as much as he could. His work was to milk the cows and run errands, and put in some school time as well. His brother found difficulty in preventing him from running away home almost as soon as he got there. He tried all sorts of devices to divert his attention, and make him contented and happy. Among other things, he introduced him to

an old man who was in the habit of taking kindly notice of boys newly arrived in the town. This old man was gentle and winning in manner, and had a sunny face, and spoke at once to the boy quite freely of the love of God and the gift of His Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in sweet and tender tones ; and gave him a new cent piece that "looked like gold." The old man quite won Dwight's love. He then became more contented, and decided to stay on where he was.

It is a beautiful glimpse of those early Greenfield days that we get in the introduction of the one brother by the other, both mere boys, to this dear old man, who brought into Dwight's boy-life one of the morning beams of light and warmth that, outside his mother's love, had been as yet all too few. He was one of God's first messengers to the child, the Eli of this Samuel. He was to Dwight what the poor women in Bedford were to John Bunyan. In his "Grace Abounding" Bunyan tells the story of his meeting them : "Upon a day the good providence of God called me to Bedford, to work at my calling ; and in one of the streets of that town, I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door, in the sun, talking about the things of God ; and . . . I drew near to hear what they said. . . . And, methought, they spake as if joy did make them speak ; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world ; as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned among their neighbours. . . . Thus, therefore, when I had heard and considered what they said, I left them,

and went about my employment again, but their talk and discourse went with me ; also my heart would tarry with them. . . . Therefore I would often make it my business to be going again and again into the company of these poor people, for I could not stay away." This companying with the few holy and aged Christian women in Bedford was the first token of the Bedfordshire tinker's conversion. The sweet old man in Greenfield was sent to Dwight Moody on the same errand. He was a good angel of the love of God to his friendless heart. The boy Moody could have said, "His talk and discourse went with me ; also my heart would tarry with him." Beautiful old man ! to speak to the lonely stranger boy "as if joy did make him speak" of God's love and God's gift of the Saviour. This old man's words were as bread cast upon the waters to be seen in days a little later in the growing lad's life.

CHAPTER III

HIS CONVERSION

WHEN Dwight was well on in his teens—some sixteen or seventeen years of age—he felt the stir within him of a larger life ; and he desired a more extensive field of activity, one more remunerative and commensurate with the new ambition that moved him. He acquainted his brother with his thoughts and plans. He said he was sick of staying where he was, and had made up his mind to be off and to do something better for himself.

This resolve was in keeping with what most healthy boys of the same age feel and aspire after ; and therefore does not call for special remark. It is of interest and value in his case because of what it led up to. Tentative movements of mind, and awakenings of life and desire of achievement, in youth, are the *feelers* that nature puts out preparatory to first steps forward in untrodden paths and untried ways. Dwight felt his way, but only found it slowly. His first attempt at another situation was not a success. After more than one application to his maternal uncles, who kept a boot and shoe store in Boston, he was taken into their employ. His uncles required from him a

promise to attend Mount Vernon Church and Sunday School, which he gave. He had "small wealth but his feet and his hands," and felt at first in Boston "as lonely as a crow on the sands"—just, in fact, as he had felt when he first left home for Greenfield. He was, by all accounts, at this time rough and countrified, but he possessed grit and go, and quickly showed that he was a good salesman; he was tactful and quick witted, and bright and buoyant. The rising force of his life, held back till it had ripened, now found scope and freedom, and became a valuable asset in the business of his two worthy and astute uncles. They soon saw that he could sell goods where other men could not. He was as full of practical jokes and rippling fun and merriment as ever; which simply means that he was a healthy lad well set up and quite himself. The numerous stories of his tricks were much enjoyed by those who heard them, yet, it is feared, hardly so much relished and appreciated by the victims on whom they were played. They are, however, not worth repeating so long after; especially when we take into view the grand mission of evangelism and philanthropy to which his energies were so soon to be given, and which was to absorb them in the spirit of loftiest self-sacrifice to the end of his days.

The one event on which all the future hinged was his conversion, which took place in the midst of those youthful days of alternate work and frivolity we have just described. We have said he agreed with his uncles to attend Mount Vernon Church and Sunday School. The ministry of this church was fervent, revivalistic, cultured; but it shot com-

pletely over young Moody's head. For this unsatisfactory result the lad was himself chiefly to blame. His indifference to Christian teaching and worship showed itself in his selection of a seat in a pew hidden from view in the remotest part of the gallery, where, tired from the week's hard work, if the truth must be told, he found he could sleep all through the services on the Lord's Day, unobserved and undisturbed. Thus did he keep the letter of his agreement with his uncles "to attend" Mount Vernon Church. No doubt the Sunday School attendance he was obliged to give was equally reluctant and perfunctory.

There seems to be good reason for the frequently expressed opinion of those who knew him in those days, that there was nothing about him or his ways and preferences, as yet, to afford the least hint of the great future of work in the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ for humanity that, all unawares to himself, lay before him. No lines of prophecy "going before" converged on his path, nothing in what he did or said or was, to afford to his friends a clue to his destiny. If anything that had appeared in him up to this time gave promise for his future, it was his aptitude as a salesman, which appeared to mark him out for a successful business man. There existed in him the robust, raw material of natural gift. This much everybody saw. This material was furnished by the Providence of Grace, as a fit vehicle of power when touched into new life and Christly consecration by the Holy Spirit. There it lay—the unquarried, unwrought fabric, in quality and make precisely like that of thousands of rugged lads who are every year being forced by circum-

stances out into the world to win their way as best they can, with only Nature's dower—a pair of hands, a good head, an honest heart, a firm will, and an inexhaustible store of energy. It awaited contact of the altar-fire to awaken it to noblest spiritual purpose and activity.

There is much youthful life amongst us to-day delayed only for this. There are in our stores and wholesale and retail houses of business the lads who will make the Moodys and Booths and Spurgeons of the new century, as yet undiscovered, having names unknown outside the family circle whose centre is a praying mother—perhaps a poor widow—and the house of business where they are trying their 'prentice hand at trade. All is held back; and all awaits the supreme event, namely, their conversion to Jesus Christ. Once the contact of the Baptismal Fire is felt, their manhood stands revealed; the scattered pristine forces of intellect, heart, and will become knit and compacted; and they show themselves to be the moulders and helpers of the manifold work of the Church and people of their generation. All things await the power of God.

Mr. Moody in after life could only say with lowly, thankful heart, in explanation of the change that took place in him at this period: "It pleased God . . . to reveal His Son in me." This is all that any one who knows the facts of his life at the time can say in accounting for his conversion, and the new beginning of plan and action and aspiration that came with that event. His ignorance of Divine truth, his utter indifference to spiritual things, his recklessness, his frivolity and o'erbrimming fun and levity, his dislike of religious ordinances, his self-

contained and self-satisfied existence, made him, in the judgment of men, one of the most unpromising youths anywhere to be found for admission to the Christian Church and service in its ranks. No hand of saint rested on his head, no utterance as to what his future would be that in the sequel might be construed as prophetic in its character, fell from the lips of any aged minister or elder. No one knew, no one divined, what he was to become. The nearest approach to a forecast was afforded by his sagacious mother, who always said that she knew Dwight "would be one thing or the other." She readily discerned the redoubtable quality of the lad, and was sure he would make his mark. Whether his career would be one of honour and usefulness in his generation, the turn he took would determine.

Thank God, his decision was the right one. God led him; and he allowed himself to be led. His Sunday School teacher, Edward Kimball, became at this time his benefactor. He was not the first the youth had; his mother was his first. She had set the stamp of principle upon the boy's early character; and the impression remained. The sweet old man in Greenfield was his second, who told him, "as if joy did make him speak," of God's love in Jesus Christ. Mr. Kimball was his third. One was provided in each place where he lived: one in his native home, one in Greenfield, now one in Boston. This continued to be his experience in the future as well, as we shall have reason to remark as the story of his life proceeds. God raised him up friends in each place, who from time to time were specially suited to the needs of

the period through which he was passing. Mr. Kimball was a spiritual and evangelical Sunday School teacher, full of zeal and love for his work and class, and he led the youthful Moody to the light of Christ, the Saviour. The material was raw indeed, when first handled. The lesson at Moody's first class-attendance was from St. John's Gospel, and he turned over the whole of the *Old Testament* Scriptures to find it, and was puzzled because he could not. He had to be told where to find it. It may seem incredible, but *this* was the Moody at seventeen who in a few years could handle the Word of God for weeks together so deftly and authoritatively and effectively amongst audiences of thousands of persons, many of whom were Christian teachers themselves and experts in Bible knowledge. But the lad could *learn*; and this accounts for much. He possessed capacity. He could, if he would, start out on wide exploration over the ample territory of Scripture; and, finding no boundary-line to stop him in his researches, could roam at will over the spacious fields of Revealed Truth.

At his conversion he started to some purpose. His teacher was the means God employed to bring about this important change. The story is soon told. Mr. Kimball came to him at his uncles' store, and found him at the back wrapping up boots and shoes and assorting them on shelves. He named his serious errand, and began to tell the sales-lad about the life of Christ and His sacrificial death on the Cross. The response he met with showed that the lad was ready to receive the message, surprisingly and promptly ready. His ear was quick to hear, his

heart to respond ; though up to this moment he had scarcely felt any concern for his own salvation. His conversion took place there and then ; it was sudden as a flash of light from heaven. The fact that it was brought about by direct personal dealing was not lost upon him when in after years in inquiry rooms in many parts of Britain and America he himself discharged the difficult yet glorious duty of leading thousands of precious souls to the Saviour.

The hour of his conversion was "the welcome hour," the hour of the meeting of the Father with the sinful, contrite son, the hour of reconciliation, the supernatural hour, with no one between the Father and the child save the one Mediator, with no inner secret of agency except the Holy Spirit of quickening and renewal, Lord and Giver of Life ; and with no explanation on his own part only that he was saved through fulfilling the terms of salvation, which are simply "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xx. 21). An hour sacred to the sinner saved and to the Saviour who saves him ; and never to be spoken of by others except with reserve and lowly and reverent mind. It was the turning point of life—of entire existence—to him. All for him hung on that hour. Also, all for multitudes besides, seemingly to us, and speaking after the manner of men, was, as events proved, suspended on that hour.

Preaching in Tremont Temple, Boston, as recently as the spring of 1898, Mr. Moody said in reference to that hour and that event : "I can almost throw a stone from this place to the spot where I found God over forty years ago. . . . I wish I could make

men *understand* what He has been to me." The year 1855 was the year of Mr. Moody's conversion. He was then eighteen years of age. The old things began to pass away from him, all things now became new. He was fond of repeating his experience of the change he underwent and that other things underwent for him : "The morning I was converted," he said, "I went out of doors and fell in love with everything—the sun, the birds, everything." And he never lost his first love. It continued with him to the end in all its glow and might, expanding his mind, widening his sphere of service, and giving him multiplicity and variety of sustained and self-sacrificing activity for others. It brought to him spiritual discernment and keen penetration where the salvation of men was concerned. It set free and continually renewed his energies, right along, year in and year out, until the call of the Master came, "It is enough ;" and he ceased at once to work and live. He gave to all men the sign that St. John says is the sure mark of the New Birth unto righteousness, "He that loveth is begotten of God." Most natural and most vigorous of men, Holy Love transfigured his life and the whole aim of its activities. He became "the one thing" of his mother's forecast.

Notwithstanding this experience of God's grace, he did not find that entrance into the membership of the Christian Church was easy. On his conversion he at once appeared before the officers of the Mount Vernon Church as a candidate for admission to its fellowship. He had been in the Sunday School only a few months. He was not well informed on subjects of doctrinal truth and

experience that would most likely supply replies to questions to be asked him at his interview with the officials. Sympathetic men as they were, with good Mr. Kimball one of their number, who was aware of the youth's limited stock of Bible knowledge if others were not, men doubtless ready to guide his steps into the Church as leniently and considerately as possible, they nevertheless plied the candidate with questions — doctrinal and Scriptural — that baffled him ; and by a majority of votes it was agreed that he be put back for awhile. At the same time three of their number were delegated to watch over him and to show him the way of the Lord more perfectly. When he stood before the committee of officers again, he did not appear to advantage any more than at the former interview. He was still for some reason unable to satisfy them. They, however, came to the decision to admit him on the ground that he would probably get more good from within the warm fellowship of the Mount Vernon Church than he would by being kept any longer without, and that manifest as was his desire for fellowship, and zealous and sincere as all saw him to be, he would do no harm if he were received inside the fold : so he was accepted and admitted. This account reads strangely in the light of subsequent events, and is fraught with wholesome instruction and reflection for those with whom such decisions as these rest.

It is true that beginnings were always difficult with Mr. Moody. It seemed destined so to be. It was doubtless wisely ordered that his experience in many instances should be of this character ; the discipline afforded a needed test, and helped to

yield the training that made him the man he became. The beginning of his life was difficult : he was born into a home of penury and hardship, over which the heavy cloud of bereavement and adversity was fast settling ; and the difficulty of his first days might have overwhelmed him but for the mother who "mothered" him, as he so often delighted in the better years that followed to express himself. The beginning of his work for a livelihood was difficult : he worked hard for hard fare and no money payment to speak of. And now the beginning of his Church life was difficult ; not that it need have been, not that it ought to have been ; for we hold the view that the business of Church officers is to render entrance to Church life easy and cheery and hopeful for all young people who show concern for their souls, even when they cannot find their tongues all at once on undergoing the formidable ordeal of standing before a committee of men whose grave duty it is to guard and watch the gateway of the Church.

The difficulties inevitable to first steps and confessions in Church life are sufficient without adding to them. All artificiality should be avoided in the shape of heavily worded questions—doctrinal and experimental, for example—that many a worthy candidate, even with the advantage of education on his side, is not ready to answer promptly and satisfactorily. That he shows that his spirit is right, that he is decided on the question of the Christian life, and sincerely desires to live the life of Christian discipleship, should be deemed enough to begin with. All else will follow in due time. But these men made young Moody's admis-

sion into Church fellowship suspiciously like an obstacle-race, as, we fear, many Church officers in similar circumstances have done both before and since. There should have been the right hand of fellowship, the warm heart, the cordial welcome, the bright, glad word, and the judgment of charity. Had he not been the stout and firm-minded youth he was, he would have turned away in disgust or discouragement from the portal of the Church, and never approached it again. As it fortunately happened, he was patient, teachable, humble, ready to receive counsel, and bide his time. Hence in due time all came right. We doubt whether there is a church in the city of Boston to-day that is prouder to name any man among its roll of members than Mount Vernon Church is to recall the fact that Dwight L. Moody belonged once to its membership. Yet the fact stands before us that on his conversion he found difficulty at first in getting into the Church ; and when he was admitted the consideration that weighed with the official mind was the rather negative and colourless one that he would be likely to prove a harmless youth. So little did Christian men understand him ; so little did they anticipate the immense service he would in a few years begin to render the Church universal, and continue to render throughout the generation blessed by his ministry !

It is said of John Trebonius, the schoolmaster of Martin Luther, that he never appeared in his class except with uncovered head, for, said he, "who could tell what may be there—the statesmen, the philosophers, the scholars, the divines and Christian ministers of the new generation." Even then, all

unrecognised and unknown, there stood amongst them the "solitary monk that shook the world." A church in the country admitted one member, a young under-gardener. No particular account was taken of the unit; but that one was Robert Moffat; so little may numbers count, so much may one man count! Here a lad of eighteen, who got his living in a boot store, entered a Boston church. The event created no special notice and awakened no particular interest; but, weighed in the balance of the sanctuary under the light of his career, who is able to estimate its significance?

The Christian Church may well pause and demean itself reverently and considerately on admitting to its fellowship the fresh life of young disciples, youths and maidens; for no one can say in what afterglow, long years hence, it may warm and cheer its own life on account of what those young Christian members have lived to do and say in the One Service. It has yet to learn in numerous instances the value of its young life.

It is the duty of the Christian Church, it is true, to safeguard its door of entrance. This goes without saying. It should not receive all comers without regard to their spiritual condition. No greater blight could fall on any Church than that which would occur from the lax admission of all and every one who consents to enter and is willing to permit his name to appear on the Church roll. This were to destroy its fellowship, to unchurch the Church. In the forcible words of Dr. R. W. Dale ("Essays and Addresses," p. 190), "If the doors are kept wide open for every one to enter who pleases, there are many cases in which the Church would

cease to be a *home* and become an *hotel*." The tendency probably lies this way to-day; forty-five years ago, perhaps, it lay the other way. In those days—again in Dr. Dale's words, "We waited till the regenerated children of God were able to speak and walk before we were willing to receive them into the Divine 'household.'" That was the mistake of our fathers. "All we have a right to ask for, is an assurance of personal trust in Christ." This is the true position to take. If "the Church should be a pleasant society to belong to," access to its fellowship should be easy to all who confess their trust in the Christ of God. Had this been simply remembered, the awakened youth in Boston would not have been kept waiting at the door of the Church which he had a right to enter as a believer in Christ, no man, no Church official, daring to say him nay.

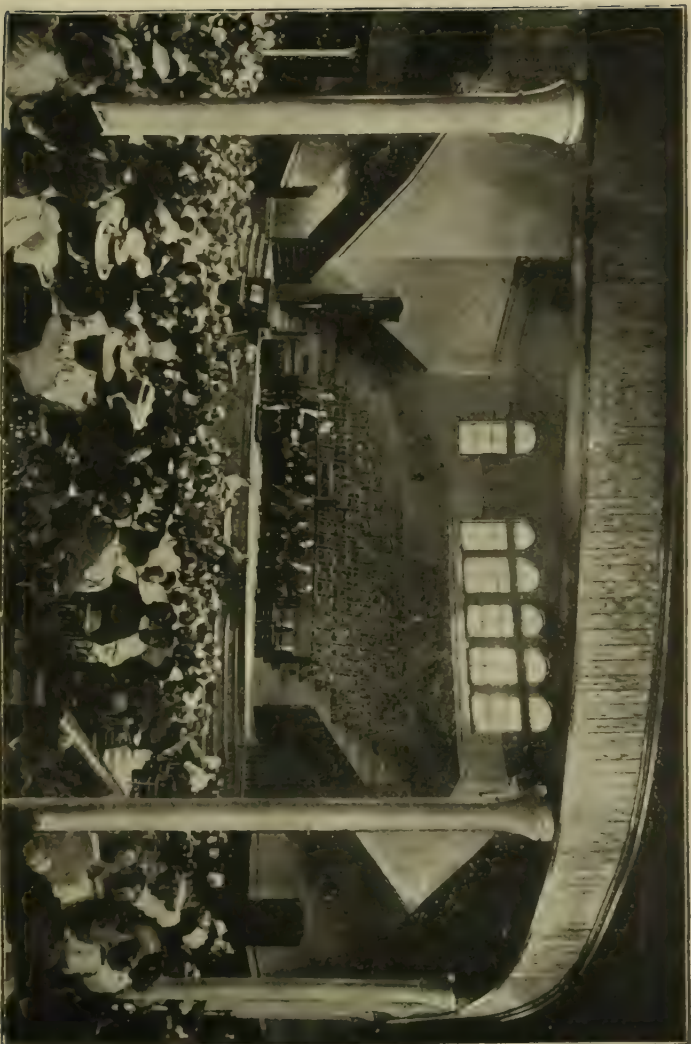
CHAPTER IV

DEFINITENESS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

THE autumn of 1856 found young Moody in Chicago in a better situation than the one he had held in Boston—one that afforded him the opportunity of making more money. He brought with him his transfer from the Mount Vernon Church, and joined a Church in his new home, and soon found friends. The freer ways of the then new city pleased him better than the staid habits of Boston. The enterprise everywhere visible gave him opportunities of advance that the slower habits of the Eastern seaboard did not present. He soon found himself on the way to prosperity, and the achievement of the commercial success he was still intent upon. He joined on Sundays in school work; took part at first in a mission school, and filled it. He then started one of his own, which in course of time became the largest school west of New York. This school was made up of the roughest boys and girls in Chicago, many of whom he drilled into obedience and good habits. He himself all the while "grew in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" and was as ardent in his work on Sundays as he

was in business all the week. On week-days he hunted up hotel visitors' lists to find customers ; on Sundays, with equal vigilance, families and homes and outcasts in the poorer and rougher districts for scholars. He succeeded in both quests. He prospered in business on week-days. He prospered equally well on the Lord's Day in Christian service amongst the young and the friendless poor. Whatsoever he did prospered. He became a commercial traveller, and in other directions embarked in increasing business responsibilities. His next important step was to become his own master, which was of value, not only or principally because it made his own all he earned, but because he was now free to devote time week-days to his mission. In 1860, when he was making £1,000 a year in trade, he decided to abandon business altogether, and give himself wholly to Christian work. The first year after taking this great step his income had dropped to £60. How he was led to his decision must now be told.

Mr. Moody's chief training-ground was the Mission Sunday School he originated in Chicago. Here he learnt more perfectly than before the lesson of direct and definite dealing with souls that characterised his great evangelistic labours wherever he went. An incident of the most ordinary kind in Sabbath school experience, by the grace of God, led up to the crisis of his life. A young man who taught a class of big girls was ill and could not attend. In the emergency, the vacancy had to be filled by the superintendent himself, who many times after recounted the story of the bad time he had on that day. "He had never met such a



THE INTERIOR OF THE AUDITORIUM, NORTHFIELD.

(On the platform are Mr. Moody, Mr. Sanky, Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, and Rev. G. H. C. Meyer.)

frivolous set in his life," he said. The behaviour of these girls almost led him to open the door and tell them to walk out and never come there again. It was the dark hour of his work before the dawn.

During the week that had so unpromising a commencement, the sick teacher called on him at his house of business. The poor man looked frail and ill and troubled.

"What is the matter?" asked his young superintendent.

"Oh," he replied, "I have had another attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs, and the doctor urges me to leave the shores of Lake Michigan, as I cannot live here, and I am starting at once for my home in New York State; and I suppose I am going home to die. But what troubles me most is the state of my class. I have not led one of them to Christ. . . . I have been of no use to them whatever."

In this strain he spoke, using these words or some such words as these. This talk so deeply impressed the listener that he never forgot it.

At Mr. Moody's suggestion the young man started on a round of farewell visits. The superintendent provided a carriage and accompanied him. The visits they paid to the members of the class took more than a week. They called at every address, and succeeded in obtaining an interview in each case. The dying teacher told his thoughts about his class to the girls who belonged to it, one by one, in a simple and straightforward manner. With the first girl he talked to there was immediate decision for Christ. This was a great cheer. Tears welled up in her eyes as the teacher and super-

intendent conversed with her ; and Mr. Moody prayed. Then they knelt—the teacher, scholar, and superintendent—Christ in the midst of the “two or three gathered together in His name.” There and then this girl became the Lord’s by the acceptance of faith. Thus was it made apparent that close underneath the gay and lightsome air of class-behaviour lay thoughts and convictions too deep for words. This was the reason why the words sung in his meetings many hundreds of times under every imaginable variety of circumstance could never become tame and threadbare to him :—

“Down in the human heart crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.”

They passed from home to home during those days of leave-taking, the teacher often out of breath and spent with stair-climbing. They succeeded delightfully in their errand. By the time they had finished this series of visits to the homes of the scholars, every one of the class had made confession of Christ’s name, and avowed her discipleship in His kingdom.

This experience fired the superintendent with new enthusiasm. He called the class together for a last prayer-meeting before their teacher left. The hour was a never-to-be-forgotten hour. All present were moved to tears. The teacher sat in the midst of the class and read the fourteenth chapter of St. John’s Gospel. He and Mr. Moody prayed. Then the girls one by one broke out in prayer, until they had all taken part. They then

parted from each other. The scene in the school hall that evening was indelibly stamped on the memory of all who witnessed it. They had tried, but failed, to sing—

“Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above ”—

words from a hymn that Mr. Moody afterwards inserted in the early part of the famous “Songs and Solos.” The tie was too close and tender and sacred to allow room for song. By the next evening the teacher was leaving the city. The superintendent was at the station to see him off. Before the train started one girl came on the platform for a last look and a last word, and then another, and yet another, until all the girls, without any arrangement or understanding beforehand among themselves, stood by the platform of his car ; and they again attempted to sing but could not. The last sight of him they caught was obtained from where he stood outside the car, a thin finger of a white hand pointing upward. And who could doubt that the girls and their superintendent turned away with fixed resolve to meet the teacher in the home on high whither he directed them ?

Thus did this teacher do more real and effective work for Christ and the Sabbath School class committed to his trust in a few days than in many days of previous ordinary class instruction and routine.

This unusual and happy occurrence set the superintendent of the school a-thinking. It took hold of him as nothing that had ever happened before had taken hold of him. He had found himself for the

first time in his life praying audibly for the conversion of Sunday School girls in their hearing and in the presence of their teacher. The farewell prayer-meeting of the teacher in the school mission hall "down town" had wrought a change in him quite as deep in its way as anything that had taken place in the class itself. As events proved, this hallowed occasion marked the crisis of the great evangelist's Christian work. From that time he was, in Christ's service, another man.

For one thing, it decided his career. He had up to that night intended to be a tradesman, and was ambitious of pushing his way in commerce until he should become a prosperous and wealthy merchant. He showed at this time every indication of being able to win his way to wealth. He bade fair to be a man of boundless enterprise. His natural endowments gave abundant promise of success. "He must have got on in business had he stuck to it," everybody said who knew him; and all spoke of him as men do of a young man of parts. He had a splendid constitution; he possessed inexhaustible energy; he loved work; and was resourceful and quick-witted. The effort to earn his bread from his tenth year had taught him the value of every cent he earned. He was frugal, thrifty, careful, and thoughtful. He gave promise of being a new and up-to-date edition of Benjamin Franklin. So the young man Moody appeared to be as a gift of nature to nineteenth century commercial life in Chicago. And up to that memorable valedictory night in the school hall it looked very much as though this was his destiny—to be simply one of thousands of wealth-winning business men in the rapidly growing central

city on the shores of Lake Michigan. But man proposes and plans, and God disposes and arranges. In the everlasting words of Scripture, "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." The mood of the Sunday School superintendent on the evening of that last prayer-meeting with the good teacher and his class of girls bore no trace of what was going to happen. Indeed, so intent was he on making his way in business that—as he tells us—had he known what a sudden change was about to take place in the plans of his life, he believed he should not have gone near the place at all. So little are men aware that a Power not their own is shaping their ends even while they are rough-hewing them as they will. He *was* present at that little juvenile meeting for prayer with the teacher on leaving. And the Church of God knows by this time with what result.

The arrangements and intentions of his life became completely revolutionised. He lost all interest in business; it grew to be positively distasteful. Another spirit was in him. "I had got a taste of another world and cared no more for making money," he said. The struggle cost him dearly; it was an agony. The throes through which his mind passed were, beyond anything he was aware of as yet, the signs of the new birth of his life-service for Christ. He made the decision on which, as we now know, the evangelisation of multitudes—at least by his agency—depended, and with which the salvation of many thousands of redeemed souls stood connected in the council of God. He

abandoned business, and consecrated all his time expressly to Christian work. When once the great renunciation had taken place, he did not "look back." He put his hand to the plough and showed his fitness for the work of the Kingdom of Heaven by the concentration of purpose and whole-souled abandonment to the claim of men upon his energies and untiring fortitude and steadfastness that marked his wonderful career throughout.

And for a second result, that Sunday School class prayer-meeting fixed the character of the work his new career was about to open up before him. He saw once for all the value of *definiteness* in spiritual work. He confessed that he had not been successful in winning souls up to this time. As he saw a little later, all that he had hitherto done was only outwardly and numerically successful ; inwardly and spiritually it had been from first to last a sorrowful failure. He had not known personally the "luxury"—to use his own term—of leading men, women, and children to Christ and His salvation. He had rested in the pride of "success" that was visible and tangible simply. He saw that men around him, Christian men, were only too ready to call these outward elements of prosperity "success," and to congratulate him thereupon, even though they gathered no fruit unto life eternal in the conversion of precious souls. The success too commonly relied on was success that could be recorded in schedules and the columns of statistical returns, and presented in reports. Something was radically wrong here. He had started, almost single-handed, a Mission School that had grown in numbers until it had reached over a thousand. So large was his

school that he had got into the habit of looking upon the work as prosperous only when the numbers kept up to a thousand. If the school sank below that total he regarded it as on the decline. When it mounted up to many beyond that standard, he was in high spirits. He then considered its condition healthy and satisfactory. Yet all this time he did not know of any conversions. Even among so many boys and girls, no cases of decision for Christ came to his knowledge. Nevertheless he had been content if only numbers kept up.

How this was he was now to learn, and to so learn as never to forget. He saw that it was because his work was not *definite* enough. He had looked merely at average attendance, the marking of books, entries in registers, the maintenance of outward good order, and the use of the regulation lessons. If this were carefully watched, then the good, ample sowing-time was itself a reward. He began to see that there was a great lack. The young people were passing through his school unsaved and undecided. He saw also—indeed, it was burnt into his very soul by what he witnessed in the dying teacher's class of girls—that the moment he became direct in method, definite in purpose, straightforward and tender and loving in dealing with them about the great question of present salvation, they sweetly and promptly responded and became converted. They were wonderfully amenable to appeal and prayer. This was a great discovery, and he henceforth resolved that, by God's blessing, he would never be wanting in definiteness in his Christian work. The question of immediate decision for Christ should be the one question to deal with first with every soul.

He learnt to purpose that the wisdom of winning souls lies along the line of skilful personal dealing.

We look upon the period of his mission work that is marked by this school incident and what grew out of it as the new beginning of the evangelist's wonderfully successful career as a Christian worker who was wise to win souls.

The influence of the Great Revival of the year 1857 that originated in the New York Fulton Street prayer-meeting had reached Chicago, as it had almost every city in the north and south and west. That famous noon prayer-meeting was the parent of many prayer-meetings held at noon daily all over the country. One was started in the city where Mr. Moody was living and learning from what he felt and saw, the great lessons that fitted him for the missions on which he was so soon to set out. What that New York meeting was all the world knows. Beginning with the faith and consecrated enterprise of one man, it grew in power and enthusiasm until Wall Street felt it, and city men left the Stock Exchange to spend one hour daily in prayer. Conversions multiplied; meetings for prayer sprang up everywhere. The great awakening spread to distant States and cities, and thousands were brought to Christ. This Revival was favourable to Moody's mission work. He was just ready to be caught and borne away by its sympathetic wave of power. He placed himself in touch with it, and made the Chicago noon daily prayer-meeting a success. The prayer-meeting has been kept up in the hall in Fulton Street, New York City, we believe, without a break ever since. Anyway, it was in existence

in 1891 when the writer was present, and he has not heard of its discontinuance. To multitudes of souls that little hall is for ever sacred as the place whence emanated those influences and whence ascended those prayers and intercessions that have lifted them up for ever. We are constrained to say, as we look back on those stirring and memorable scenes—

“Haste again ye days of grace,
When assembled in one place,
Signs and wonders marked the hour,
All were filled and spake with power.”

CHAPTER V

THE MISSION PASTOR

MR. MOODY had tasted what he delighted to call "the luxury of winning souls," and as a consequence "all earthly gain was loss." He thought no more of money-making and merchandise, but with whole-souled determination of purpose threw himself into the new joy of spiritual enterprise. "My God, I would rather die at once than lose the blessing I have received to-night," he exclaimed, after holding the blessed Sunday School girls' prayer-meeting with the dying teacher. Rich as this experience was, there were yet for him experiences and attainments in the things of God even richer still, of which he had at this time no adequate conception.

Meanwhile he went forward with accelerated speed and bounding freedom in his work for Christ in Chicago, which was ever increasing on his hands both in variety and extent. The more pressing and multiplied it was, the happier and freer he became. But it is instructive to follow him at this period step by step.

An early discovery he made in his crowded Sunday School was that as nearly the whole of

his school was gathered from un-Christian homes and regions where sin abounded and flaunted itself day and night in the face of young and old alike, and religion was at a fearful discount, he had but little hope of permanently benefiting them unless something more were done. His scholars were with him just an hour or so under Christian and uplifting influences on Sundays, and all the rest of the day and the week besides they were under the power of temptation and the dominion of sin. What chance, therefore, had Moody against the devil? To meet this serious difficulty he decided to establish Sunday and week-evening services of a homely and free character, such as the situation demanded. Unless he did this, he plainly saw that much of the good he did would be discounted by the surrounding evil. These services soon proved attractive to grown-up people as well as the young. As he was now getting his time more and more at his disposal, he gave many hours during the week to the duty of calling at the homes of his scholars, and visiting generally among the neglected and dense population around.

This definite step—this committal to the task of his life, as it proved to be—was not, however, taken until he had done his utmost to persuade the men, women, and children he rescued and interested in spiritual things to join the existing congregations and churches. In this he failed, much to his own disappointment and sorrow. The truth had to be admitted and acted on, however unpalatable to his own mind, that his slum work could not be made to blend with respectable and methodical church life. The material he made efforts to

send forward into the churches was too coarse for their ways. The rescued, ignorant people, restless apart from their own surroundings, could not be interested in high-toned and orderly church services that met the requirement of trained and enlightened Christians. Church buildings were mostly too grand and sumptuous for eyes accustomed to sights of squalor and want ; the air of wealth and ease and orderliness these places wore even scared the average "down-town" slum citizen. Mr. Moody found that, do what he would, he could not, by any possibility, get his poor friends into sympathetic and habitual contact with the churches. The difficulty was more with the poor than the rich. Many well-to-do church workers came down to help him and supported him handsomely, and they would have been only too glad to encourage those he reached to attach themselves to their congregations and communions. It would have been an advantage to them in many ways had they done so ; but in hardly a single case could they be persuaded to take this step. They retained their old love for their own environment. So there was nothing for it but to make provision for them after their own fashion.

Hence Illinois Street Mission Church was built, and Mr. Moody found himself, by force of circumstances, its pastor. It held one thousand five hundred people, and was provided with sundry class-rooms. Mr. Moody collected its cost. He told the contributors to the large outlay on which he embarked that their gifts would prove remunerative investments, and humourously remarked afterwards that if any of them asked for dividends they were to visit

his school any Sunday afternoon at three o'clock and see for themselves. With a leader so competent and free-handed, it goes without saying that everything was kept moving. He was mostly his own committee. He cherished a strong prejudice against committees of management, which he thought hampered work oftener than they helped it. Prompt and energetic as he always was, resourceful and discreet, with an eye that instantly took in the whole situation, he could not brook the idea of frittering away his time and strength by dancing attendance on committees. The man who is responsible for driving naturally expects to hold the reins. This man of tact and strength, quick to make up his mind and swift to execute, kept control of his own work. Ready at all times to blend and act with those who carried into the enterprise a spirit of self-sacrifice like unto his own, he was altogether impatient of the mere punctilious official; and he is reported to have sometimes shown scant courtesy toward men in whom he had not confidence, or with whose services he desired to dispense. Perhaps this was the fault of his quality.

The doors of his church were opened continually on Sundays and week-nights. All kinds of services were established, and prayer-meetings were frequently held in the homes of the people in side streets, and open-air gatherings were familiar occurrences. To join "Moody's Church" meant work with little ceremony. So penetrating was the character of the work done that on one occasion an enthusiastic and observant visitor said he believed that if Moody could found a mission in the bottomless pit he would be there. This principle of Church work in

the Chicago Mission Church, "that all should be at it and always at it," accounts for the common-sense remark of Mr. Moody years after in a sober conference of ministers and other Church officers and workers convened to consider the question, "How to reach the Masses." "The way to reach the masses," said Mr. Moody, "is to go to them." His words seemed surprisingly luminous and helpful, and to touch the whole situation at once. This was because he had reached "the masses" himself by going to them.

Mr. Moody's habit on the Lord's Day was to take the morning service at his church and the Sunday School in the afternoon, then to repeat the address of the morning at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall at night, some other public teacher occupying his place for the evening service. In this way he managed to keep up his active relationship with the Young Men's Christian Association, in connection with which he had done much work already, and also did a large part of his work for years after on both sides of the Atlantic. Its object always greatly appealed to him. One of his chief attractions in visiting England was the prospect of becoming personally acquainted with its founder, the revered Sir George Williams. The day came when this long-cherished desire was given him. For the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago he did much. He had become its unpaid secretary and afterwards its president, and resided on its premises in the first days of his mission work after giving up business, and previous to his marriage.

At the time when he took up the Young Men's

Christian Association it was not flourishing. He soon changed the aspect of affairs, and turned it into a thriving institution. Its premises became too strait for its enterprises. A plan drawn up by Mr. Moody for raising the outlay on the fine new premises opened in Madison Street in 1867 answered admirably. The splendid auditorium accommodated three thousand people, and there were many convenient apartments besides. It received its name, "The Farwell Hall," from one of its most munificent supporters, Mr. Farwell. In a few months a great calamity befell it; the entire block was burnt to the ground. Nothing daunted, the secretary set to work to rear the hall again and raise the cost. In this burdensome undertaking he succeeded wonderfully. The remark that passed round the city was that Moody had begun to collect money to rebuild before the fire was extinguished. The idea took possession of the public mind that he was a man of remarkable promptitude and practical ability. The time came when he showed his interest in the Young Men's Christian Association in London by originating the noon daily prayer-meeting at their place in Aldersgate Street, which still continues and has been especially at times a source of much good. The Young Men's Christian Association Institutions everywhere held a warm place in Mr. Moody's heart to the end of his days, particularly those maintained in London and Glasgow, besides the great institution he represented and furthered and toiled for in the city where he did his best early work.

In this connection something should be said about his work for the army during the Civil War.

He had been in Chicago about four years and a half when it broke out. What crowded years they were we have seen. His position in the Young Men's Christian Association led him to take up its newly devised plan for aiding the soldiers who were at the front. Once more an incident that had taken place at his Sunday School did something important for him. Abraham Lincoln had visited his school and seen Mr. Moody's work for himself and given him a cheer. His Sunday School boys were greatly excited by the honour done them by the personal visit of the great man. They cheered him with unbounded enthusiasm; and as time went on as many as seventy and eighty of these lads enlisted in the Northern army. Moody wished to follow them upon the field. He loved them with a deep love, and made every concern of theirs his own.

The Young Men's Christian Association organised a committee for the purpose of aiding soldiers on service. Moody was soon in the thick of the excitement and movement and stir of the war. He recognised the value of a committee at the base when he went forward to act, since he could not be in two places at once. He threw himself heart and soul into this vast work. It could not be well otherwise, he being the man he was. The sacrifice and nerve it demanded he supplied. He found himself constantly ministering and preaching to the forces called out. He was exactly the man to become popular among soldiers. Manly, bluff, free-spoken, hearty, kindly, brave, aggressive, strong, the very make of a soldier in him, he was admirably suited to the demands the army made on him in this war. He received the offer of a chaplaincy,

but he declined it on the ground that he could do more work if he kept free. Nine times he travelled to the front. Again and again he was amongst the earliest on the field after an engagement was over, ministering to the wounded and dying. The harrowing scenes of carnage were frightful to witness, and ploughed up his soul and left deep furrows on his brow. So sympathetic was he that he repeated in himself the sufferings he witnessed. He often assisted to carry forward supplies and comforts to those dear men with the hope of being able to mitigate to some extent the untold hardships and horrors of their lot. Commanding officers, with a keen eye for men, noticed him, and, seeing how welcome he was among the men, and how helpful in alleviating their physical miseries and in affording spiritual consolation, favoured and facilitated his plans with special care. He found a great field for campaign work for Christ in those days among the camps of the Northern army. The experience he gained and the events that happened under his observation furnished him with a rich collection of illustrations and anecdotes for future use. His hearers will readily recall occasions on which he employed them with telling effect on his audiences throughout the years of his own campaign in England and America. And besides this, the aid he rendered the army did much to popularise him outside Chicago and prepare the way for public recognition of his work when he should set out on his Great Fight of Faith against unbelief and sin.

He found himself, both before and after the Civil War, in great demand at Sunday School and Young Men's Christian Association Conventions and Con-

ferences in numerous cities of neighbouring States. It was during an international gathering of the Young Men's Christian Association at Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1870, that he first met Mr. Sankey. This meeting of the two men was to have great significance for all the future of evangelism in the Church. It was to determine, in one respect at least, its character. Henceforth song was to hold a place it never held before.

Ira D. Sankey was a man in his prime, some three years younger than D. L. Moody. He held a situation in the Inland Revenue department of the Government, and had an attractive and pleasant personality, and was blessed with a strong, musical voice, and a cheerful and peaceful countenance. He was a beautiful type of Christian, ready always to use his wonderful gift of song to aid the work of God, withal entirely modest and unobtrusive; ready to do honour to all men in the service of Christ, at the same time by preference remaining himself in the background. He had heard reports of the tireless worker, D. L. Moody, of a kind which made him eager to hear him speak. The opportunity now presented itself. On this occasion, also, Mr. Moody heard Mr. Sankey sing. He saw how thoroughly the sweet solos "caught on," and jumped to the conclusion at once that the singer was just the man he needed as the complement of his own mission services. "You will have to come along with me," was the evangelist's somewhat brusque overture to the singer. "You are the man I have been looking for these years past." "What are you?" "Are you married or single?" and other questions were launched at him with a rapidity and straightforward

emphasis such as characterised Moody's manner whenever he was recruiting for the ranks of workers in the Master's service. These questions were answered, and Mr. Moody left the singer, having lodged in his mind thoughts that continued to trouble him until he, at last, quieted them in the way Moody wanted, and the good Government appointment was given up, wife and family changed homes, and thenceforth Mr. Sankey became Mr. Moody's right hand, and his peer—many thought more than his peer—in popular and attractive power during many years of toil and service in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the United States of America.

Mr. Sankey's remarkable gift of song for evangelistic purposes is a thrice-told tale; for years now a universally recognised and appreciated, and—some would add—indispensable element of success. Mr. Moody early learnt by practical experience that the people like singing. One evening, after concluding a meeting of his own which had been poorly attended, he dropped into a place where singing was a leading attraction, and found it crowded. "I see," he said, "the people want singing, and," with his customary decisiveness, he added, "they shall have it." He was as good as his word; "have it" they did. Mr. Moody owed much, as he freely and generously acknowledged, to Mr. Sankey's solos and songs. Many have doubted whether Mr. Moody would have been able to collect such vast audiences single-handed in the early days of his great campaign. He had no doubt himself. "They come to hear Mr. Sankey sing, and I get my chance," he observed. He was, of course, too modest to add—

what everybody knew—that his own power as a preacher was immense, almost irresistible, once he got “his chance” at a great audience. These were two great attractions, well-balanced and complementary of each other, the singing and the speaking; and combined for one high end they secured, by the Divine blessing, the wonderful result.

This happy association of speech and song, of address and solo, has found classic phrase in the terse announcement that, a few years later, the Rev. A. A. Rees posted all over Sunderland: “Mr. Moody will preach and Mr. Sankey sing the gospel,” in a given place and at a given time. When Moody saw it he said to Sankey, “That advertisement will take us through the country.” And it did. Each could do his work well. There was in England no better revival preaching than Mr. Moody’s and no better revival singing than Mr. Sankey’s, at the time of their first united visit in 1873. Certainly two such men of the first order of popular power were not to be seen together in any audience in the land. The distinct enunciation of gospel truth in the words of the sacred songs Mr. Sankey sung was as clear and definite a message of salvation to many souls as were the earnestly spoken and richly illustrated evangelistic addresses that Mr. Moody delivered. It is true that Mr. Sankey was not the first American soloist heard in services in this country. A few years previously Philip Phillips, “the Singing Pilgrim,” as he was called, had visited England, and had been taken up by prominent men. He sang with great effect in the Metropolitan Tabernacle and other well-known places of worship. Nevertheless, it was not till Mr. Sankey came to England, and, in



IRA D. SANKEY.

conjunction with his fellow-worker, D. L. Moody, set forth on a great work of evangelisation, that sacred songs and solos took their distinct and rightful place in revival movements. No doubt the crowds that flocked to the "Moody and Sankey" services must be discounted by those persons who came from love of song to hear Mr. Sankey's fine voice and method, and for no other purpose—and some said that they numbered not a few—and with no other result than the gratification of hearing a singer well worth listening to. They remained, it is to be feared, in some instances, unreached by any other consideration. It could with only too appropriate an application have been said of the singer, "And lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument : for they hear thy words, but they do them not." Still, after this has been admitted, the valuable fact remains that many came to hear the singing who were found of Him whom they sought not ; the gospel sung and spoken and the prayers heard led to decision many who had no thought of a serious Christian life for themselves when they entered.

Next in order of importance as affecting Mr. Moody's work comes the Chicago fire, which occurred in October, 1871. This was at a period of the year when churches and missions were entering upon their autumn and winter's work after the hot season and holidays. This devastating fire doomed the city. Mr. Moody's church was swept away in it ; so was his home ; so was the fine rebuilt Farwell Hall, on which he had expended a vast amount of labour. His first work was to provide

shelter and food for the hungry and homeless among the people. This consumed him greatly. Yet with the dauntless courage, the "never-say-die" spirit that was in him, he set to work to rear on the ruins that had scarcely had time to cool, near the old familiar spot, a good-size temporary hall. It was ready in a fortnight; and his work went on as far as possible as before. The desolation of the city in some respects sent the poor people to him and his message of salvation and rescue with greater eagerness than they had ever before shown. Before a twelvemonth had passed, steps had been taken to erect a permanent building. Land was secured. Thousands of school children "bought bricks" at five cents apiece. For a time the basement was roofed in and used, and by and by the structure was completed since known as the Chicago Avenue Church, or "Moody's Church."

CHAPTER VI

THE NEW BAPTISM

ANOTHER experience Mr. Moody passed through during these eventful times may not be passed over in silence, though it is not easy to speak of it in detail. It belongs to the deep places of the soul that receives it, and should be narrated by others as it always was by Moody himself, for the sake of making manifest the glory of God's grace and reminding Christian workers where *his* power for service lay.

He dates the new usefulness of his life from the Baptism of Power which, he tells us, he definitely received at this time. It came to pass on this wise. Two saintly ladies were God's channel of blessing to him. These ladies attended the Farwell Hall services, and always sat at the front straight before Mr. Moody. He observed their devout demeanour. He was glad to speak to them from time to time as he had opportunity. They let him know that they were continually praying for him, and were especially praying that he might receive power for service by the baptism of the Holy Spirit. They often told him this. At last he invited them to call at his home and have a talk about this enduement

of spiritual power. He hardly understood ; indeed, he thought he had it already. He had been converted for years ; next to his conversion there was the sweet taste of soul-winning which led him to consecrate all his energies and the whole of his time to the work of an evangelist, and to abandon business once for all in order that he might give undivided attention to the service of man and the testimony of Jesus. The sphere of his activities had immensely increased, the number of his engagements for Christian mission and convention services was always increasing ; moreover, he had had unusual success, had raised enormous sums of money for Christian buildings, had founded a Sunday School which had grown to be numerically the largest west of New York, had crowded audiences, had many irons in the fire, had witnessed conversions ; and all his Institutions flourished. He was happy and free in his work, never more so. He thought he *had* the Baptism ; what more did he need ? These holy women continued to pray for him, and to talk to him about this blessing, a blessing, they thought, beyond anything he had yet received. Now Mr. Moody was a teacher who was always willing to learn more, always on the alert to find out any good thing he had not yet discovered, and to experience any new spiritual gift he had not yet enjoyed, especially if it stood connected with the promise of increased usefulness. And these good ladies instructed him, and still continued to pray for him, until the hour came.

Let him tell us the sacred story. He takes us back to his church the last Sunday before the great city fire. He had been for some weeks preaching a

series of sermons on the Life of Christ. At the close on that particular Sunday he said "he would give them a week to consider what they would do with Jesus. Next Sunday he would expect them there again with their minds made up upon that question of questions, 'What to do with Jesus?'" But the fire came meanwhile, and many of them he never met again. As Mr. Moody thought of this his heart smote him. He felt as though he had been misled by the devil even when speaking to his people on religious subjects. He resolved that never more would he be duped into asking for a decision "by next Sunday": it should be always immediate decision, decision there and then, that he would plead for, definite and present acceptance of Christ, salvation on the spot by repentance and faith. Who was he that he should hold out any warrant a week hence? The rebuke of providential circumstances was effectual, the lesson was learnt once for all.

This occurrence had a great deal to do with the boldness with which he pressed upon men the urgent necessity of present salvation. "I once"—and then he would tell with rent heart the story of the "next Sunday" offer in his church in Chicago, which before next Sunday lay in ashes. He came to see at last, and to accept, the truth that these sweet, diligent ladies were at pains to show him. There now awoke within him a hunger for the Spirit that he could not describe. This hunger followed him everywhere. He found himself continually offering ejaculatory prayer to God for the power that He alone can bestow. It was a child's hunger-cry that went up into his Father's ear; "the Spirit's cry" within the child's soul,

which the Father always hears. Week after week he went about his incessant duties with this holy longing of heart for the Spirit's baptismal power beyond anything he had yet known.

"This heart shall be His constant home ;
I hear the Spirit's cry :
' Surely,' He saith, ' I quickly come ;'
He saith, who cannot lie.

He visits now the house of clay ;
He shakes His future home ;
O wouldst Thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into Thy Temple come."

The "glad day" came. The Spirit's power reached him. But let us hear him further that we also may learn. Referring to a money raising expedition to get the sum he needed to rebuild his church at this time, he says, "My heart was not in the begging. I could not appeal. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with His Spirit. Well, one day, in the city of New York—ah ! what a day—I cannot describe it ; I seldom refer to it ; it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for fourteen years. I can only say, God revealed Himself to me ; and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different ; I did not present any new truths ; and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you should give me all the world ; it would be as the small dust of the balance."

Mr. Moody here speaks of receiving and enjoying a privilege of blessing in the Spirit that qualifies a Christian for the best service. If we are puzzled, as he was at first, to understand what he means and what the excellent ladies meant who were the agents, in God's hands, of leading him into this higher light and this deeper power, we should recall the teaching of the more spiritual leaders and exponents of Christian truth on the Baptism of the Spirit or the enduement of power. They have held that there is a gift of the Spirit promised to believers for the highest kind of usefulness and the most complete witness of Christ, in addition to the blessing every Christian receives in the new life of regeneration and union with his Lord in the Holy Spirit. Finney spoke much of this, and the earlier Methodists, John Wesley and John Fletcher. And in our own day, the late Dr. Gordon, of Boston, and the Salvation Army leaders, and the Pentecostal League, stand out among those who hold this teaching. John Fletcher called the gift "the Christian fulness of the Spirit," or "the birth of the Spirit," and he was careful to distinguish between this "Pentecostal power of the Holy Ghost" and the condition of "the believer who, like the apostles after our Lord's ascension, is not yet filled with that power." (Letter, March 7, 1778, Tyerman's "Life of Fletcher.") Probably only a relatively small part of the Christian Church of the present day is prepared to receive this truth or enter into its solemn import. As only little is thought or said, in many instances, of the Spirit's work in any aspect, it should not surprise us if lips are silent on the deeper "things of the Spirit of God." We find that this condition of the Church

in regard to the gift of the Spirit is no new thing. Those godly men who propounded the doctrine in the last century, and earnestly sought to enjoy the experience, were not taken seriously by the majority of Christians. Their teaching was dismissed as Wesley's "whim," or Lady Huntingdon's; which led Fletcher to express the opinion "that this capital gospel doctrine is as much under a cloud now as the doctrine of justification by faith was at the time of the Reformation." Alas! since those days other capital gospel doctrines have got "under a cloud" as well; and many are little able to say that they know "the certainty" of the things wherein they have been instructed. To teach the doctrine of the enduement of the Spirit for service, and to strive to enter into the experience of it and to possess the gift, is, in the eyes of some persons, we fear, an insufferable assumption, and sufficient to warrant rejection at their hands as wholly impracticable enthusiasts. Paul said, "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual;" and there is the same barrier to-day in communicating "the deep things of God," unless both he who speaks and those who hear are Spirit-taught believers.

Mr. Moody now understood fully what his lady teachers at the Farwell Hall intended when they prayed that he might receive power for service, as he only would "after that the Holy Ghost was come upon him." "The promise of the Father" was now fulfilled unto him. He realised the fulness of the Spirit; henceforth he worked as a man who had received fresh accessions of strength, a new and rich anointing, a communication of power he had not known before, a spirit of wisdom and skill in

winning souls beyond anything he possessed before. The good women's prayers were answered, and the evangelist became the man of God "thoroughly furnished" unto every good work we know him to have been.

This accounts for the full, distinct note on the Spirit's power that rang out in his teaching for thirty years, both in his Bible readings with Christians and in his public addresses. He knew where his strength lay, and strove night and day to show Christian believers that theirs was to be found in the same source. "The promise of the Father" was often on his lips both in prayer and teaching. He pleaded for it on behalf of others, and made it his aim to jealously guard it in himself. "Tarry at the promise till God meets you there. He always returns by the way of His promises," he said confidently, because he had found it so in his own experience. "Fill the cup with incense, and load the altar with odorous wood ; but fire is still needed to send out fragrance." In these words we now know that he was speaking the things he knew, and testifying the things he had seen. In his case the delightful fragrance of his holy walk and work was shed forth wherever he went, to the joy of believers who were able to judge "the things of the Spirit of God."

What does not this suggest as to the boundless consecrated gifts that there are in the Church of Christ to-day that await only the Baptismal Power.

"O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show."

CHAPTER VII

THE GREAT CAMPAIGN IN ENGLAND

THE Scripture, "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance" (Matt. xiii. 12), represents a law of Christian service as it does a law of common life. The early struggle, if successful, the early barrier, if surmounted, opens out into ampler and easier fields of opportunity, and facilities for further achievement. The tide in the affairs of men, taken at its head, leads on to fortune ; missing it spells failure. Nothing succeeds like success. These sayings are the truisms of life, but none the less valuable because of this. And they apply equally to Christian work. The use of opportunities as they find us affords a test of quality. If they be missed more is missed than we can ever know. If seized and made the best of, we presently discover others that lead on to ministries of usefulness and service we had not dreamt were possible to us.

This principle is abundantly exemplified in Mr. Moody's career.

His first step on being transferred to a church in Chicago from Mount Vernon, Boston, shortly after his conversion, was to rent four pews and engage to

fill them every Sunday with young men from the streets. This is the earliest glimpse we get of the young boot-store salesman on taking a situation in that rapidly growing city, and uniting himself in fellowship with a Christian congregation. Any one might have divined that a youth not yet out of his teens, who embarked on such novel church-filling methods, would be heard of again. His next step was Sunday School teaching, resulting before long in the starting of a slum school of his own. This led to the immense school gatherings familiar to Chicago people in the North Market Hall; then to the multiplied agencies of the newly founded Illinois Street Church, and the Farwell Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. Next followed extensive engagements at various conventions and conferences, and the camp service he rendered during the war, with the ceaseless ministries he carried through during the disastrous period of the Chicago fire. Our redoubtable evangelist was beginning to enjoy the influence and command consequent on growing fame and generous recognition among the public of the worth of his self-sacrificing work. He had kept straight ahead through evil report and good report, not pausing to notice either. All the avenues of his mind were kept open, and he was gaining practical knowledge of affairs and engaging in all manner of Christian and philanthropic activities. He was also increasing his mental stores for the requirements of Bible teaching and illustration. Side by side with these things, or rather vitally interwoven with them in the unity of one whole, was the ever-increasing knowledge and experience he was gaining of the life of faith and

spiritual power. The result was that there was committed to his keeping, by the grace of God, a Great Trust as an evangelist, such as few men in any age have received.

The boot-store salesman became the most successful evangelist England has had since the days of John Wesley.

FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND.

Mr. Moody's first visit to England, it should be said, occurred in 1867, and came about by the necessity that arose for a sea voyage on account of Mrs. Moody's health. The mention of Mrs. Moody's name affords an opportunity of speaking a word of commendation as to her worth. He had met her as Miss Revell, a teacher of one of his classes in his first little mission school. Mrs. Moody never came greatly before the public at any time, but she was always a quiet stay, and a regulative and administrative force in the background of Mr. Moody's enterprises. From the time when, in the sudden alarm of the great Chicago fire, she stayed behind in the home to knock out from its heavy frame the valuable oil-portrait of her husband, notwithstanding his repeated advice to "let it go," and bore it safely through the maddened mob on the thoroughfares to a place of safety, she appears a wholly attractive and pleasant woman. Her practical sense and sagacity proved of great value to him as his work opened up and became more responsible and public. What she was as a hostess those know who have visited Northfield in recent years. And in the heavy liabilities and numerous arrange-

ments the Northfield and Mount Hermon homes involved, her counsel and hidden guiding hand counts for much. She lives in serene and beautiful content, and maintains an alert interest in all the great work of her revered husband still going on, held in honour and loved by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Moody decided to cross the Atlantic; so to Europe they came in the early spring of 1867. How eager the Chicago evangelist was to see, if possible to meet, eminent Christian men in Britain, whose fame had reached him in his own land, we can well imagine. He desired especially to have the chance of hearing Charles Haddon Spurgeon, and to see George Müller and something of his wonderful work. He came to England an unknown man, except to a very few who had been to America.

Through one of these friends he was invited to the platform of the Exeter Hall anniversary of the Sunday School Union in connection with the May meetings. The part assigned him was a modest one. He was asked to move a vote of thanks to the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was in the chair. He said only little, but what he said he said well, and caught the ear of the audience. Many people a few years later would have been glad had they been present when Mr. Moody made his first speech at Exeter Hall. Of those who were present not one could have guessed what in a few years Exeter Hall would become to Mr. Moody, and what Mr. Moody would become to Exeter Hall and to multitudes crowded together there. If anyone had said that in less than ten years that unknown man would hold a thronged audience for six weeks at a

stretch in that hall at a daily prayer-meeting, he would have been thought as "mad" as many Chicago men had said Moody was himself when he gave up business to become an unsalaried city missionary and Y.M.C.A. secretary. Yet so it was. It is the after-light of events that makes that first visit to the Exeter Hall platform so interesting. Without this it would have only been what hundreds of similar incidents witnessed on that platform have been—the opportunity of a good and useful man to see and hear, and possibly on occasion "to be respectfully recognised and listened to." He had been introduced as the "Rev. Mr. Moody"—a title he disclaimed—and as "an American cousin;" whereas he was "not a cousin," but, by the grace of God, "a brother and a fellow Sunday School worker" from the Western city.

The report of Mr. Moody's address has been preserved in the *Union Magazine* for that year. One who was present has said that he remembered how it thrilled the audience. It was probably his first public address in England, and on that account is of abiding interest, even apart from its intrinsic merit. Its theme was "the conversion of children." He said, "There is one fact which has startled me here to-night, and that is the statement made in the report read by the Secretary, that 7,855 young souls connected with your schools have been led to the Cross during the last year. I looked over this audience and just doubled the numbers I saw before me, and I thought probably that would represent the extent of this noble army of young soldiers now marching towards heaven. But then I asked your Secretary how many teachers were

engaged in leading these 7,855 souls to the Saviour. Here is his reply, and this is what startled me—82,833! Now it does seem to me that if these 82,833 had all been faithful, instead of 7,855 souls being converted, there might have been 82,833. I cannot help feeling that if teachers were earnest and zealous, and often in their closets, they might at least each bring one soul to Jesus every year.

“Now I believe there is a great deal of infidelity in the Sabbath School as well as in our churches on this point, and that even many parents think their children cannot come to Jesus early in life. I fear many teachers go to the Sunday Schools and never think of urging upon their dear scholars the importance of immediately surrendering their hearts to Christ. I believe myself that if children are old enough to come to the Sabbath School they are old enough to come to Calvary. I have been urging this upon the teachers of America, and God has blessed the effort put forth. In a great many places in America there are in our churches twenty-five, fifty, and in some churches seventy-five and one hundred little children gathered in as members, and, I believe, at heart connected with God. A little girl came some time ago before the elders of one of the churches to be examined. After talking with her, they came to the conclusion that though she might be a Christian she was too young, being only seven years old, to join the Church, and that she had better wait. The little child, as she turned to go away, said, while the tears fell fast from her eyes, ‘Please tell me how old I must be before I love Jesus?’ That is the question for us to settle, friends. I believe if the Sunday School teachers of

England were only to be faithful in urging upon the children the duty of immediate consecration to Christ, you would have a very different report next year ; and instead of having to tell of 7,000 added to the Church, you would be able to rejoice over 100,000 gathered in."

It was during this speech that he related the story of his dying teacher in Chicago and the conversion of his class of girls, which produced quite a revolution in his own methods of working, as we have already seen. Many will wonder what became of that class of girls. On this occasion he stated what had become of some of them : "Some of my best teachers were converted through his last dying efforts," said Mr. Moody. Thus the first note he struck on commencing his platform work in England bore on the conversion of children, and reveals his deep sympathy with all Sabbath School work. He said many times that he always felt the hand of his teacher on his shoulder—good Mr. Kimball, of Boston, who was the one that led him to Christ in his youth. And in the same tender and loving way he kept touch himself with all Sabbath School work on both sides of the Atlantic.

Making a good use of eyes and ears, Mr. Moody soon found his way to the Aldersgate Street Y.M.C.A., where he captivated his hearers by a recital of his Chicago Mission Sunday School experiences. Everything he uttered was so fresh, so outspoken and delightful and practical that everybody present was moved and charmed.

He also had the much-coveted interview with Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, and visited Mr. George Müller at the Ashley Downs Orphanages. These visits were

not lost upon him. They provided seed-corn for future harvests of precious friendships and fellowship in the great work these glorious men had in common under the one Master and Lord. Particularly did Mr. Moody note at Müller's what prayer exercised by one righteous man can effect.

He hastened to Edinburgh, where he spied out the land, though little aware of the "much people in that city" the Lord would gather out a few years hence by his agency and testimony.

He ran over to Paris with his wife for a week sight-seeing. It was the time of the Exhibition. This was one brief period of relaxation amid long days of unbroken toil and strain. It is true of him that—

"The sensuous joy from all things fair
His strenuous bent of soul repressed,
And left from youth to silvered hair
Few hours for pleasure, none for rest."

These words of an American poet concerning another great American are equally applicable to Moody, whose "strenuous bent of soul" kept him almost without a break at the task his Lord had assigned him in the wide field of Christian enterprise. The atmosphere of Paris at this gay holiday season was far from being as congenial to him as the atmosphere he breathed on Ashley Downs and at the Metropolitan Tabernacle and in Aldersgate Street Y.M.C.A. rooms and in Exeter Hall. He left a memorial of this first excursion to England in the noonday prayer-meeting established by his advice at Aldersgate Street, on lines similar to the daily prayer-meeting he was connected with in the city of Chicago.

This first visit was like a reconnoitre, although he knew it not, since his General, who commandeered him and decided his movements, kept the secret as yet in His own mind, preparatory to a general move forward of His hosts to undertake the serious work of a Great Campaign of Conquest.

SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND.

It is an easy step to his second visit five years later; and then to the campaign which began amid difficulty and discouragement in 1873, and made the next two years, by the Word and power of God, for ever famous in the history of evangelisation.

After carrying on his work in Chicago on his return up to the time of the city fire in his own place, and afterwards, amidst the blackened ruins, in a temporary hall, he determined to come to England again. It was a visit in many ways remarkable, and, at least in one of its features, fraught with abiding results to the visitor—and to the visited. He had intended to keep quiet and listen to others, and use every opportunity to gain further knowledge of Christian truth. He would have—he promised himself—three months' silent time: a purpose which, for once, the firm-minded man was not permitted to carry out.

The Rev. Theophilus Lessey, minister of a Congregational Church in London, whom he met at a prayer-meeting, asked him to preach for him on the Sunday, and he consented. The morning service Moody thought a failure. He observed no sign of interest amongst the congregation, and he realised

no sense of spiritual power himself. It was a barren and poor time. But at night—how different! It seemed as though the place were filled with the power of God. The deep hush, “the silent awe,” that stole over the audience betokened the Divine Presence and the arresting and penetrating character of the message. At the close he asked all who decided for Christ to stand, when hundreds rose—in fact, almost the whole congregation. The evangelist had never seen it on this fashion; and at first he thought the people mistook his meaning. He put the question again, and appealed to all who would seek the Lord to enter the inquiry-room. Presently the inquiry-room was overcrowded. Neither the minister nor Moody was prepared for this. They found it difficult to realise what it all meant. Before they left, the preacher of the day asked all who would follow Christ to meet their minister the following evening. The next night still more came. Mr. Moody had gone to Dublin on the Monday morning to fulfil an engagement. On the day following he received a wire announcing what had happened, and appealing to him to return at once. He went back immediately, and continued meetings for nearly a fortnight. As a result, four hundred persons were received into the Church.

There was something about this startlingly sudden awakening that puzzled both minister and the missionary. There had been no unusual expectation or preparation on their part, or on the part of the Church. Mr. Moody was not aware that he had been specially drawn out in prayer over his Sunday's visit. Certainly he had not looked for such results. The revival had not, therefore, come

in answer to *their* prayers, or in response to *their* faith. Where, then, lay the secret? He soon learnt.

There were in the fellowship of that Congregational Church two sisters, one of whom was bed-ridden. This invalid sister had greatly mourned her inability to do any work in the Church to which she belonged. This had become a heavy burden and grief to her. The thought occurred to her that she could help the Church by prayer. So she decided to bear her church up before God in perpetual intercession. She specially asked that it might be quickened in all its life, and witness the salvation of many souls. Reading at this time an account of Mr. Moody's work in the States, she was led to pray that he might be sent to her church. This was the request she continually made known to the Lord in prayer. On the Sunday morning when Mr. Moody supplied her pastor's pulpit, the sister, on returning from the service, asked her who she thought had preached that morning. She mentioned several likely names she knew; but not one of them was right. When she learnt that it was D. L. Moody, she saw that God had answered her prayer. The right messenger had come; and, during the next two weeks, the work asked of the Lord was done.

Two ladies were at the source of this revival. Two ladies had been a signal blessing to Mr. Moody in the Farwell Hall of the Y.M.C.A. in Chicago in days gone by, as we have shown. Two ladies were now the means, in God's hands, one of them in particular, in bringing about a revival abundantly fruitful in immediate result,

and still more in what it led to, in the church of which the Rev. Theophilus Lessey, who bore an honoured name, was minister.

Eternity alone will reveal the vast result in saved multitudes in the metropolis during the next few years that accrued from the movement of spiritual blessing set going, as it appears to us, simply by the intercessory prayer of that saintly, bedridden member of Mr. Lessey's church.

The report of this work quickly got wind, and led to an invitation from the Rev. Wm. Pennefather, of St. Jude's, Mildmay, to Mr. Moody to conduct a mission ; and from the good Methodist, Mr. Bainbridge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to undertake a series of evangelistic services in tha' northern town. These invitations he was not in a position to accept, as he had not come prepared for a long stay in this country. He now returned to his own home and work, taking with him the affectionate and prayerful "God-speed" of many new friends, accompanied by urgent requests to quickly renew his visit. This he inwardly resolved to do, should it be the Lord's will.

THIRD VISIT : THE REVIVAL.

He had gone home in the early autumn of 1872. He came back to England in the summer of 1873, bringing Mrs. Moody and their two children, as though they would be ready this time for a prolonged stay. He was accompanied by the one man whose name was to become a household word in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and for ever to stand associated with his own in the memorable

mission on which they had set out—his own choir leader in the Chicago church and fellow-helper in the truth, Ira D. Sankey. Mr. Sankey was also accompanied by his wife. This was the party of six that was to become the centre of so great interest in the days that were to follow.

Their departure from America was delayed by the non-arrival of the funds promised for the voyage by the two friends who had invited them over, Mr. Pennefather and Mr. Bainbridge. This they could not understand until on arriving at Queenstown they learnt that these two friends were dead. This sad event placed them in an awkward position. Mr. Moody had called in £90 of his own which he had invested at interest; and the day before they left Chicago a friend had presented them with £100. Nearly the whole of these sums was spent in outfit and fares for the ocean voyage. At Queenstown these six persons were expecting to be welcomed; they were without means of their own to speak of; and the two friends in England on whom they depended were dead. It had seemed quite clear to Mr. Moody before leaving that the hand of God was leading them to England; yet for the moment he was brought to a complete standstill, and he did not in the least know what to do. "Well," said Mr. Moody, "we won't open a door ourselves; and if one does not open in some other way, we will return at once to America." They landed at Liverpool next day unrecognised and unwelcomed.

When St. Paul, in response to the cry from the man of Macedonia, "Come over and help us," landed in Europe from Asia, there was no man

of Macedonia on the seashore or at the landing-stage waiting for him. Neither did there appear to be a people anywhere in Macedonia eager to hear his message. He was in Philippi several days, and there is no account of any commencement of his mission until he joined the little company of devout women at their prayer-room by the river-side on the Sabbath Day. This looked a rather unpromising beginning. Yet small and unpretentious and unlike what Paul and Silas might have expected to find after the vision at Troas, it was in point of fact the commencement of the mission of the Gospel in Europe.

So was it here. The evangelists had "concluded that God had called them to preach the gospel" in Europe, and they had left the shores of America in expectation of a welcome of warmth and cheer. But they came ashore in England with no hand-grip of friend to encourage them, and no signs that the Churches were in a state of preparation for their visit, or were on tip-toe of expectation of what should follow. The two friends who had invited them were dead! This was admittedly very disheartening—a difficult beginning certainly; but then, as we have all along said, all Mr. Moody's beginnings were difficult. And this was no exception.

On arriving in Liverpool they put up at an hotel for the night. During the evening Mr. Moody read a letter he had received before sailing and had not yet opened. The letter came from Mr. Bennett, secretary of the Y.M.C.A., York; and was to the effect that if ever Mr. Moody came to England he would be glad of a visit at York under the auspices of the

Y.M.C.A., as he had heard great things concerning Mr. Moody's success among young men at the Y.M.C.A. in Chicago. This seemed like an opening. So a telegram was sent addressed "Bennett, York," announcing their intention to come on to that city. They separated for a day or two, Mr. Moody and family going on to London ; Mr. and Mrs. Sankey remaining in Liverpool. By the Sunday they met in York. Mr. Moody preached in the pulpit yet fragrant with the memory of the great ministry of James Parsons. Services were held also in the Baptist Chapel where the Rev. F. B. Meyer was then minister, who was in later days to see so much of Mr. Moody in his American work. A small daily prayer-meeting was commenced in a hall. Many became the saved of the Lord. The chief point of interest for most people in this visit of the evangelists to the city of York is the fact we have already mentioned—that they met the Rev. F. B. Meyer for the first time there. Mr. Meyer responded more readily to their methods of work than other ministers, for the most part, did. Since that week how much Mr. Meyer has done in similar, yet dissimilar, ways in the cause of evangelism and quickened Church life and work, particularly in his recent visits to the Northfield Conventions, and to India and other places, many people in all the Churches know.

From York they passed on to Sunderland ; thence to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where audiences greatly increased and avowed conversions became more numerous still.

At Newcastle the late Mr. Joseph Cowen, editor and proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, member

of Parliament, and at this time at the height of his public influence and popularity, wrote a report and critique on their mission, which excited much inquiry all over the country. Churches in Edinburgh sent deputations to see the work for themselves and bring back an account of it. The result was that a committee of the Churches was formed, which invited the evangelists to carry through a mission in that city. Here success was of the highest kind. There were upwards of three thousand converts. The whole city was stirred. The Free Assembly Hall was all too small to accommodate the thousands who came to hear. In fact, no building was large enough for the requirements of the mission. Thence they went to Dundee ; and came later to Glasgow, where the Edinburgh scenes were repeated. It is said that fifty thousand people went to hear Mr. Moody's farewell address in the open air. Three thousand five hundred "converts" were admitted to a valedictory meeting specially arranged for those who had been led to Christ during the mission.

These central scenes betoken what great interest was evoked all over Scotland. The evangelists visited many places north and south. Agencies multiplied ; Bibles appeared and were read as never before ; song took a foremost place in services ; ministers gave up their staid and quiet methods, and became more direct and simple and effective in their public work. Forces that had been kept apart from each other in the Churches united ; a spirit of glowing fellowship was begotten ; and the spiritual life became a blessed reality. With every new success fresh impetus was given to revivals in other

places. The Church and the Press became enlisted on their behalf in many parts of the country. The question what city the evangelists should visit next was a formidable one to settle, all places wanting them at once. Belfast, Dublin, Birmingham, Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, London, and many places besides must all be visited. Influential Christian people at once set to work to prepare the way by united prayer, by careful selection of choirs, and the practice of the now universally known hymns, and by organising forces and assigning posts of help to workers. Not able to wait until the evangelists came, many persons went where the evangelists were, and followed them from town to town, filling hotels and boarding-houses. The talk in railway compartments, on 'buses, in warehouses and other places of business, in the streets, and in the homes of the people, was of them and their work. The work gathered strength as it went; and, beyond anything the new generation can understand, the enthusiasm was intense and general. To multitudes of Christians, with their home-born love for the existing Churches of the land, the beauty of the movement lay partly in the fact that it used its weight of influence to direct the converts and recovered backsliders to unite themselves, according to their preferences, to the Churches they found in their own localities. Messrs. Moody and Sankey did not want to start a new denomination—they considered that there were enough denominations in existence already; or to weaken the hands of ministers and officers and members of Churches that had been already formed: their aim rather was to infuse new blood into the Churches,

and raise their spiritual tone and increase their working power. These two good men always toiled for the good of Christian organisations already in existence. In their large fellowship of love they stood by the Churches, and made it their aim to lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of the already constructed tabernacle of the Lord.

Their success in Ireland almost equalled that of Scotland. In Dublin the vast exhibition building was not large enough for the throng that crowded to it every night. Old workers everywhere recalled the revival of 1859, when many of those who now stood by the evangelists were converted, and which the present work so much resembled.

In Birmingham the Bingley Hall was as crowded as it was when John Bright addressed his constituents. Dr. Dale, the great and influential pastor of Carr's Lane Congregational Church, became keenly interested, and on several occasions was present in sympathetic observation of what was taking place. He had no doubt that the work was the work of God. The Churches widely participated in the blessing given, Dr. Dale's church among the rest, as he readily admitted.

The mission in London cannot, perhaps, be fully described without giving the new generation the impression of exaggeration. In point of fact, however, it were hardly possible to overstate its character. The mighty metropolis was never so moved before, and has never been so moved since. There had been cumulative influences at work in the provinces during the year and nine months of their present visit to England ; and now the climax was reached in the London campaign, which had been

planned on a scale commensurate with the demands of its scattered millions. The spring of 1875 was the spring of new life and promise to unnumbered multitudes of souls that gathered in various parts of the city. Temporary halls were erected in different localities of the metropolitan area to accommodate the thousands that wished to hear, for whom in some of the neediest places no public building that was large enough existed. These halls cost thousands of pounds to put up and remove after the mission was over. Whether immense erections constructed of wood and roughly seated, with wooden or iron roofing, and sawdust under foot, having no structural beauty for the eye and no good acoustic properties for the ear, were places suited to the requirements of spiritual work, is a moot question. The writer was present at the opening of the Bow Road Hall, and came away with the impression that it was not fitted for effective speaking or singing. Yet in the view of many good judges of the whole situation, the vast crowds that came at night who would not have been able otherwise to hear the evangelists, amply justified the outlay of money and labour incurred.

The impressive fact, however, remains by which we may estimate the enthusiasm and enterprise displayed in the mission of 1875, that temporary halls of large dimensions were provided simply to afford the evangelists the opportunity during a few weeks of gathering together the teeming populations of widely separated parts of London to hear words whereby they might be saved. All honour to those who shouldered the burden and responsibility and toil involved in this gigantic undertaking. All

thanks and glory to the God of Grace in Jesus Christ that facilities were afforded the dense masses of people in unfavourable localities to congregate by the thousand to hear the message spoken and the song of redeeming love sung. The Day will declare what a wonderful reaping time in souls saved that work witnessed. The halls were ephemeral erections, but the work done in them was not of an ephemeral character. It lives in unmeasured good and in fruits of righteousness in countless numbers to whom the visit of the evangelists was as life from the dead.

We judge that the largest audiences by far convened anywhere were gathered at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, where nightly throngs ranging, as was estimated, from fifteen and eighteen thousand to twenty thousand persons assembled together. For hours knots of people stood in the streets, whatever the weather might be, awaiting a good chance of front seats on the opening of the doors. The rush of the crowd as soon as the entrances were thrown open beggars description. No barrier, no police force, was sufficient to hold them back or prevent a general scramble for the best available positions. It was marvellous that they should quiet down sufficiently to profit by a devotional service and a gospel message and sacred songs, yet they did of their own accord readily. That vast sea of upturned, eager faces was a sight to witness. On looking back over it, stretching away until it became a mist, we realised as never before why a mighty packed concourse of people should be called "a great cloud" of witnesses.

Forth to the front of that host came Mr. Moody

to speak in Christ's name ; and as quietly and modestly Mr. Sankey took his seat at his American organ, which looked a mere toy in that expanse. There also entered the choir of voices, young men and maidens, all Christians, for the missionaries were careful to have the holy praise of God led only by loyal lips ; the young women all plainly dressed, a requirement which they were also careful to enforce—no noticeable finery or jewellery on them, but simply attired as became those who were to lead the praise of a multitude of worshippers.

The "Let us pray" of the chief speaker was the signal for deep silence and bowed heads as he led in brief, fervent petitions at the Throne of Grace. He was the central figure of groups many deep seated around, representing leaders of the faith in Great Britain and Ireland and beyond the seas—divines and college professors and ministers and missionaries, influential laymen from all the Churches, the Mildmay people, and a sprinkling of toilers from all fields never before seen together. The hymns, the mighty volume of sound rising from thousands united in song, the brief Scripture, and the address or sermon lasting from thirty to forty-five minutes, the fresh illustrations, the well-told new stories, the irresistible appeal, the quaint homely bits and covert side-thrusts, the touches of humour, the serious arresting pronouncement, the pathos and passion of a soul that knew what love was—how it did tell !

Then came the previously-announced solo from Mr. Sankey, likelier than not some great favourite asked for again, as, for instance, "The ninety-and-nine," or "Where is my wandering boy to-night ?" There would be the pause till every sound and

movement had died down, and eager attention was at its height ; then the scarcely audible commencement, the rising, sonorous voice, the distinctly articulated words, the stress skilfully put on words that went to the heart.

As soon as the song was over the invitation to the inquiry-room was given, and the benediction pronounced. There was then a movement two ways, the large majority making for the points of egress ; and at the same time a thin stream of men and women, sufficiently continuous to be noticeable, might be seen pushing their way up to the inquiry-room entrances. Great precautions were taken in the selection of inquiry-room workers, only the best equipped and most mature and experienced Christians being allowed to take part here. Those chosen stood or knelt for the most solemn and awful duties that pertain to Christian work anywhere, namely, the direction and instruction of souls in the moments of awakened concern for salvation. In those inquiry-room companies there met some of the saintliest and wisest of the people of God that could be got together anywhere in the world ; they were present in lowly mien of love ; and they displayed in every movement and action the dignity and simplicity and tenderness that years of prayerfulness give : they met in Christ's name, and surely He was in the midst. The place was holy ground ! There was the subdued conversation, the broken cry of penitence, the sob of hearts that burst, the prayer of faith, the witness borne to Christ's present saving power. Those elect, saintly men and women who were Moody's inquiry-room workers came in contact

with every kind of life—life that had lived its worst and would be rescued, life that had lived its best and was yet not satisfied, but needed it knew not what. There these good people were to tell the lost of a Saviour who finds them, and the need of a Saviour who satisfies. It was a hallowed hour; the hour when burst the Eternal Light through the Eternal Love on many that had sat in the region of darkness and the cold shadow of death. Mr. Moody had reason in his own experience for direct and individual dealing with souls. Results showed the value of his method.

One night when we were present at the Agricultural Hall the subject was, "The line of scarlet thread Rahab bound in the window" (Joshua ii.) a symbol, as the speaker used it, of the redeeming Blood of the Cross. Mr. Moody said much that was forcible and informing on the redemptive work of Christ; but our readers must forgive us for saying that we could not easily trace the connection between the incident he said was a sign and the thing signified; and that we came away with the impression that the incident was forced to yield a meaning it would only awkwardly bear, and was, in fact, never intended to bear; and the more we thought of it, the more impossible it seemed that the "scarlet thread" arrangement Rahab agreed upon with the spies could be made to square with the Great Act of Redeeming Love. Our view was that the address would have been more effective, and would have sat more easily on the mind of the average listener, if the Redemption that is found in the Blood of the Cross had been kept entirely clear of any supposed analogy between it and Rahab's act.

The next night the theme was "The Prodigal Son;" and the impression the recital, given in Moody's own vein, produced was overwhelming. As he spoke of the "far country," he paused right in the midst of the intense feeling evoked, and lifting his voice to its highest pitch with great dramatic effect shouted, "Down Lonnon is the far country to many a young man." There was a row of young men sitting in front of us, and when Mr. Moody finished, and said, "Let us pray," they seemed glad to have the chance of bowing their heads and hiding from sight their agitated faces. As soon as the benediction was spoken, a well-dressed woman rose eagerly just by, and asked, "Which is the way to the inquiry-room? Can any one tell me?" This was the scene witnessed all over the vast hall. That evening was the time of visitation of mercy to many. Never before had we looked upon a work of such dimensions; and we do not expect that we shall ever look upon the like again. It is twenty-five years since we saw that great sight; but it stands before us to-day as vividly as it did when we first beheld it.

After the great Agricultural Hall meetings, it is easy to turn to the six weeks of daily noon prayer held at the Exeter Hall, Strand. A large number of people came up from the provinces at this time for the sole purpose of following up the meetings. The wide sweep of the missions at numerous populous centres in England, Scotland, and Ireland, had created unbounded inquiry; and country people did much to feed the stream of Londoners on their way to the Strand. From the platform it was not difficult to see that a large proportion of the

audiences came from distant places. The tribes of Israel came up to the city to keep the feast. It was a wonderful gathering of the hosts ; a muster of the people of the Lord such as had never been seen on the same scale and assembling through so many well-sustained evangelistic meetings before. In corridors and on staircases one heard all the tongues wherein our race is born : the nasal American accent as marked as Moody's own ; the witty-tongued Irish brogue ; the dour Scotch ; the rugged provincialisms of Yorkshire and Lancashire mingling with the soft, rhythmical tones of Cornwall and Devonshire ; the Welsh were there ; and one heard, too, the broad speech of Wessex. The crowd was a sight to see, even apart from the high purpose for which it assembled. It must have suggested much to the outside observer of the ways of men. To Christians it was a sign of one of the days of the Son of Man.

The noon addresses of Mr. Moody were mainly given to professing Christians. One delivered toward the end of the series may be taken as an example of what was witnessed every day in that famous hall. It was on Zaccheus and his Guest overnight, and the ethical revolution wrought in him by having Christ so near for that brief while. The preacher modernised the story. He cut his way to the conscience with great power. He smote his audience hip and thigh. "Zaccheus," said the preacher, "went down to his office the morning after he had received Christ into his house, and said to his clerks, 'Haul over them there books ;' and they were to tell him how much he had received from this man and that man and the

other. When they informed him, he replied, 'Very well, now multiply the amount by four.' As they did so, they would be remarking to one another in an undertone, 'Whatever is come over master? Whatever is the matter with him?' As they handed in the account, he got out his cheque-book and began filling in cheques, telling them to write a polite note and send it round with the cheques to the proper addresses. And there wasn't any Jew in Jericho who got 'one of them there cheques' but believed in the reality of Zaccheus's conversion before night," remarked the quick-witted speaker amid the delighted attention of the audience. "There was one cheque that he made out, after careful calculation, amounting to half of all that he was worth; this was for the poor. 'Behold! Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken aught from any man by false accusation, I restore unto him fourfold.' This left Zaccheus a poor man; yet, in truth, richer than he ever had been, for salvation had come to his house the night the Saviour came." This style of speech was so fresh, and modern, and straight, and outspoken, and graphic, that probably few present will have ever forgotten the occasion.

Having arrested his audience, he saw his opportunity, and drove home his subject by a frontal attack that carried all before it: it was the master-stroke of a great strategist. "The Law of Restitution was binding on them," he said. "Some of them had been up at the meetings all these weeks, had attended them at noon and night; and now the meetings were coming to an end; and, perhaps, they had not found the blessing they

expected, and were beginning to feel as though they would go home disappointed and no better than they were when they came. Perhaps," he suggested, "some dishonesty or fraud stood in the way, and before they could find peace they must do as Zaccheus did, they must make restitution to those whom they had defrauded. Had they anything on their consciences—over-reaching in trade, giving less than was due, charging more than was right? Had they wronged any dependent, helpless people who had got in their hands—the widow and the orphan; or put more charges on the poor than they would on the rich? It may be that they were engaged in a wrong trade, or a right trade wrongly carried on. Perhaps there might be among them a 'publican,' as we understand the word to-day; then they might have to give up the traffic, and 'haul down that sign' if they would be saved."

All this was recounted with searching effect; and when the evangelist who had so championed the sanctities and obligations of the moral law sat down with a sentence that embodied the whole, to the effect that they must restore with interest the hire of the labourer they had kept back, there arose from that thronged hall a mighty assenting "Amen," like an unconscious tribute rendered in the very heart of the biggest commercial city in the world to the sanctity of the moral law, and to the imperative necessity that exists of being right with man when we become right with God.

That noon hour went a long way toward realising the hope the late Dr. Dale expressed not long before his death, that the next great revival would be



THE SEMINARY FOR GIRLS, NORTHFIELD.



JUST OUT FROM MORNING CHAPEL.

See Chap. xii.]



ethical in its character. The great work wrought under Moody and Sankey was no maudlin and sentimental outburst, unhealthy and wholly inoperative on character and practical life, as people imagined who only judged by some of the new hymns sung, which appeared to be entirely remote from the issues of present-day life. So far as the leaders of the movement and the bulk of its sympathisers went, a high moral tone was maintained throughout ; and the address on Zaccheus is a sample of the robust ethical view that ran through Mr. Moody's addresses. If in any instance the interest evoked was transient, and if men and women for all the practical conduct of life were left much as they were before, the fault did not lie with the leaders. The ethical side of salvation, as the invariable fruit it yields, was not at any time lost sight of by the workers. They used every means in their power to persuade men to receive the Saviour, and described also the altered life that would be sure to follow.

Thus was a great work accomplished in the north of London, at the Islington Agricultural Hall, and in the east in Bow Road Hall, and in the centre at Exeter Hall ; and now, what of the west, not to speak of Camberwell and other places ? In some respects the meetings in Her Majesty's Opera House were the most notable of all, since by means of them Messrs. Moody and Sankey got hold of "society" and fashion. This theatre held five thousand people, and it could have been filled many times over. Royalty was represented by the Princess of Wales and the Princess Mary of Teck. These royal ladies put the imprimatur of social rank upon the work of the Americans. This done,

"society" came freely; it became the thing to attend. Members of the great families were frequently present. Signs were numerous that "down in the human heart" were buried possibilities of noblest Christian experience and blessedness and achievement for rich and titled people nursed and pampered in the lap of luxury and amid scenes of gaiety.

We confidently expect that many will come from the west as well as from the east and north and south, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, as the result of the Divine blessing given to the evangelists' West End work. Instances were known during that mission in which lives of ease and pleasure and proud indulgence became transformed into lives of Christian simplicity and usefulness and self-sacrifice through the power of Christ to save, realised in those Opera House meetings. Doubtless cases, hidden from general view, occurred, in which new convictions and an altered tone were given to society men and women who yet remained in their places in the ranks of West End life and did but little beyond.

It was curious to notice the new attitude the Press assumed as the influence of the evangelists reached the high places of the land. At first they had to fight their way through much newspaper misrepresentation and contumely. The descriptions of their meetings and methods published were, in some instances, mere burlesques of a grand movement. With a singular fatuity the public prints appeared wholly incapable of understanding their mission. There were papers that described these

two good men as "adventurers," with Uncle Sam's shrewd eye for the almighty dollar filched under guise of cheap and vulgar evangelism from the stupid religious public of England. "They took up ten thousand dollar collections for showing men the free way of salvation," and similar hints were thrown out, in which the sarcasm was as bitter as the lying was palpable. A noble early exception was Mr. Joseph Cowen's generous estimate of the men and their mission in the *Newcastle Chronicle* in days when they were comparatively unknown and friendless men. Now that their unique position before the eyes of the nation, from the palaces of royalty downward, made them independent of the Press, the Press, with a fine sensitiveness to public opinion, became adulatory, and whole columns were given day after day to the American evangelists and their praise and their phenomenal work. It was found that their movements made good "copy." The reporting table became a prominent item in the meetings wherever they went. But apart from the Christian papers that were generous and kindly in their attitude, the missionaries received but little help from the newspapers. If the Churches had thanked either the secular Press, or the narrow sectarian Press, they would have thanked them for nothing.

Such, briefly narrated, is the story of the great mission of 1873-75 in Great Britain and Ireland. It reached and transformed and benefited no inconsiderable part of our land by the message of salvation.

After a few quiet visits to various places and a grand send-off from Liverpool, so unlike the cold and friendless arrival there two years before, the evangelists returned to America in August, 1875.

The work they witnessed during those two years of arduous toil can never drop out of the record of evangelisation in this favoured land. It lives in the useful lives and high character and testimony of many persons in all parts to-day, and will live in their eternal salvation and the glory of the Name which is above every name.

CHAPTER VIII

CONTINUANCE OF THE WORK

IMMEDIATELY on the close of the campaign of the years 1873-5 in England, Messrs. Moody and Sankey resumed their work in America. As there was no break in it, so there must not be any break in our narrative. We need to follow the two devoted men right along, as they were everywhere found on the American side of the Atlantic just as they had been on the English—"always abounding in the work of the Lord." This account will cover a period of five years—from the year 1876 to the year 1881.

The extensive reports that had latterly appeared in the English Press had been republished in papers all over America, and had prepared the States to give Mr. Moody and his coadjutor on their return to their own country an enthusiastic welcome. It is a mistake to say, as has been said, that America did not fully appreciate her great Christian evangelist until the magnitude of his work in England became known. The part of the story of his life we have already told shows that this was far from being the case. He was held in high honour in all the many cities where he had appeared before the public

previous to setting out for England. He had the ear of the people, and the confidence of eminent business men who loved genuine mission work. At the same time it is recognised by all who have followed his career, that his popularity and influence in his own land became immensely greater through the reputation his work in England gained for him, as soon as the States' Press, north, south, east, and west, spread abroad the wonderful record of its extent.

The Christian public received him with open arms. The conviction was created that wherever he went revivals would be sure to occur ; and this conviction had much to do with ensuring its fulfilment. The Churches were on the tip-toe of expectation. Urgent requests poured in upon him long before he left the shores of England. The rivalry to secure early visits was keen. He seemed to command the situation everywhere. A narrow and sectarian ecclesiasticism here and there might take exception to his methods, and to himself as an "unauthorised" teacher or an "unordained" minister ; but this did not in the slightest degree affect the welcome that awaited him wherever he went as a man given by God to the many Churches of his great country, as a soul-winner and quickener of their agencies, irrespective of denominational distinctions. Had he not been the man he was, his fame would have weakened him. But by the grace of the Spirit, by keeping alive and feeding his own spiritual forces through unbroken communion with the Unseen, he retained his humility and self-abnegation, as his friends thought, perfectly. He never was a self-seeker or a self-advertiser. He was

at this time a ripe and experienced worker for God, in possession of the maturity of his massive gifts, which he kept, as they were at first placed, at the Master's feet. To do this under such circumstances must have been a difficult task, one altogether impossible, as he would have been the first to admit, had he not continued to receive afresh into his life a power not his own.

How easy it is to keep the vineyard of others and leave one's own vineyard unkept, all are aware who have had to do with public Christian work. It may be truthfully said of this man that the inward and spiritual triumph kept pace with the grandeur of the triumph that was outward and visible. Happiest of men, therefore, was he, for he preserved the balance between his own hidden life and his outer work. There is some reason to fear that "spiritual breakdown" is a far commoner tragedy in the story of spiritual enterprise than the Churches care to say, or even to learn. The wreckage of fair movements that started full of confidence is on every shore. "The behaviour of some of the great religious assemblies reveals the staggering and jibbing which come of no hand being on the unseen reins. They yaw as if the helm were loose and the steersman green. . . . The gospel of work which has ousted so far the gospel of faith, is having its suicidal effect."¹ But this great evangelist was overtaken by no such disaster. A hand was kept "on the unseen reins."

This beautiful preservation of the simplicity and naturalness, the integrity and cheerful self-effacement of the man, is traceable in part to the pains he

¹ Dr. P. T. Forsyth, *London Quarterly Review*, April, 1899, p. 197.

constantly took to keep away from all seductions of flattery and adulation. When his work assumed gigantic proportions, there was plenty of it. To avoid this peril he was in the habit of putting up at hotels where he could always have command of his own time. This came easily and naturally to a travelling American. In this way he avoided the amenities of drawing-room talk which he could not have escaped had he allowed himself to become a guest from place to place in private families. In public he disliked "praise" as much as in private. He did his best to shun hand-shaking because of the compliments, so often fulsome and insufferable, which people all too freely paid him when they gave him their hands. If ever he appeared a little brusque and "short" in manner it was when any speaker began to thank him and sound abroad his fame. He would on such occasions instantly jump to his feet and stop that sort of thing—"It was waste of precious time," he said; and he would at once terminate proceedings. Moody's movement never degenerated into a mutual admiration society. No fine ear became offended by words of flattery in his meetings; no one was made impatient by having to listen to votes of thanks.

So different was this feature from much that is seen of men in public Christian work. How chagrined and humiliated have beautiful souls felt as they have had to witness the delight with which otherwise good and noble men bask in the warm sunshine of public praise and recognition! There was nothing of this where he was. He kept the work to the front, the worker out of view as completely as he could. The man was hidden that

all eyes might centre on Him whose servant he was. This characteristic of his enterprise had more to do with the retention of his humility and self-forgetfulness than others were aware.

It had much to do as well with the influence Mr. Moody had over business men. They liked him. He had ready access to them. Ministers and others could often only reach them through their secretaries and clerks; but Mr. Moody was personally received by them in all the leading cities of the States. Railway kings and millionaire merchants gave him an interview. He had private and confidential talks with them. They gave him their time; and *why?* Because they believed in him. He got support from them because they shrewdly "guessed" that he was a man to trust. He wanted nothing for himself; his one want was his work. He obtained large amounts towards the outlay he incurred among the outcasts and waifs and strays of young life and the wrecked lives that were not young; and then told his contributors to watch for "quotations" and "dividends" in the result. These princes of the commercial world took the measure of the man and saw quickly enough that he was of the same girth as themselves; and that he would have been their rival and peer in the business world if he had not found an outlet for his energies in the field of philanthropy and Christian evangelisation. "How is it that Moody sees you at any time?" some one asked of a Wall Street magnate in New York. "Because he is one of us," was the prompt and generous reply.

Yes, it was quite true; Moody was a magnate in the service of Jesus Christ, and did business for the King on a large scale in the vast and lucrative

market and exchange of Christian enterprise. No one was so little in his own eyes as he ; no one bulked in such proportions before the public eye in his own vast cities.

Follow him in one of his missions in New York City, the one conducted during the spring of 1876, in the Hippodrome. "The Hippodrome" is an immense roofed-in space, larger by far than any church edifice, or the auditorium of any other public building in the city. It was now a circus, and had been a railroad depôt. Let those who would form any idea of its area recall the sight witnessed in the Agricultural Hall at Islington in the spring of 1875, as described in a previous chapter, and they will be able to realise approximately what this space was for the mission in the city of New York. This mission created no small stir in the city. It was the London work intensified and carried out even on a still larger scale. Suburban cars brought crowds every morning for an all-day attendance at "Moody's Meetings." It mattered not where you went, all interest seemed absorbed in the mission. It was the universal topic—more to the people for the time being than politics, or society, or municipal affairs. It drew the eyes of all to itself. On the avenues and streets, in hotels and boarding-houses, alike "down town" and in the parks, on the overhead railroad and on street cars and ferries, in the fashionable residences and in the factories, and on the harbour landing-stages—go where you would, you were sure to hear something said about this work.

Yet Mr. Moody did not go out of his way to catch

the ear of the people ; he kept to his own familiar methods and aims. Nothing could divert him from these. He would have forfeited the measure and opportunity of the work rather than prove unfaithful to his God-given purpose. (That purpose always revealed itself in a threefold manner : first, in his supreme effort to save the lost ; then, in his great desire to quicken the Church and strengthen its hands in all the communions extant ; and next, in his endeavour to promote Bible study.) Everything was subordinated to this. The conversion of souls was first ; the leading of Christians to fuller consecration and activity, was second ; the creation of new interest in the Word of God, was third. He was a man of one book ; therefore he won his way. Those who were not prepared to agree with him had reason to beware of him. His missions were built up on God's Word : they were fruitful to the Churches for this reason. Converts were won and fed, Christians revived, the Churches nourished on the sincere milk of the Word and the strong meat of men, as need required.

The period of Mr. Moody's meetings was always a Bible-loving time. It would be interesting to learn how many Bibles were purchased as a result of the newly enkindled interest his addresses awoke in its study. The marking of Bibles became a more common habit than before. Ministers and others gave themselves continually to the Word of God and prayer as those who had found great spoil. If all great and permanent movements in spiritual life stand connected with the new reading and study of the Word of God, as the history of Church life proves, then this movement was of this kind.

Throughout its progress the Word of God held the premier place, one higher than even the "Sacred Songs and Solos"; albeit, the work greatly facilitated and popularised, if it did not in many places actually create, the modern usage of introducing bright song in all mission evangelism. The Word of God received the honour that was its due; and God honoured it, and honoured those who gave it its place; and this was witnessed in multitudes of converts and widely strengthened spiritual life and activity. In his own city of Chicago, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cincinnati, the result was uniformly the same, the methods used were the same; the study of the Book, the delivery of the spoken message, the singing of glad songs, the wise employment of inquiry-room conversation and prayer in personal and direct dealing, were the same. The seal of saving power was impressed upon all.

Not the least delightful feature of his work in the cities and lesser places he reached was that he set others, already active, to work with new zeal, and many to take up definite work who had never done anything before. His missions were wonderfully fertile in this way. With ever-increasing joy and power, ministers and Churches embarked in hitherto undreamt of plans to reach their fellow-men with all Christian and helpful influences and blessings.

CHAPTER IX

THE HYMN-BOOK

THE collection of "Sacred Songs and Solos" used in Messrs. Moody and Sankey's missions has sold by the million, and has worked its way into the hands of multitudes of English-speaking people throughout the world. Its music is on all lips. Probably it would be difficult to find any considerable number of Christian people in any county of England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland, or any State in America, or any province in Canada, or any colony of Australasia, to say nothing of India and the mission-field generally, on whose ears the familiar songs have not fallen or on whose lips they have not been found. No book of popular hymns is able to compete with it. Mr. Sankey gave it a send off; but ever since that time it has made its way on its own merits and held its own ground. To use the expression of Mr. Moody's son in his Life of his father,¹ they have "sung their way . . . into the hearts of millions," and "sung up great institutions of education and Biblical training"; for if they are not exactly the foundation of the Northfield and Mount Hermon and Chicago

¹ Morgan and Scott, p. 77.

Institutions, they have been, by reason of the financial aid they have afforded, to a large extent, their support.

We hold that these spiritual songs were of the Spirit of God as truly as Mr. Moody's ministry was. Men may criticise them, and call one and another of those that were most generally sung in the revivals, weak and sentimental; but, all the same, they succeeded, and are still with us, popular as ever; and are always more or less fallen back upon whenever religious leaders wish to make sure of catching the popular ear with holy song. They hold a place of their own, now but little disputed, as an Institution of Song in all evangelistic and mission movements.

A feature of great awakenings not to be overlooked by those who chronicle their history is, that song service has blended with the spoken message of the gospel. Was it not so in the spiritual quickenings that occurred among the evangelical mystics? If any one would know whether this was so, let him turn over the pages of "*Lyra Germanica*," and see for himself. Was not Hans Sachs one of the foremost of the hymn writers associated with Luther, the redoubtable reformer, translator, and preacher? And was not Luther himself a writer of hymns? It is, we believe, a fact of common knowledge that the spiritual side of the Reformation sang its way into German-speaking lands. Earlier still had not the Wickliffites become known as *Lollards* for the reason that they sang as well as spoke the Evangel? Did not the Moravian movement, under Count Zinzendorf, create its own song? Let the reader turn to Southey's "*Life of Wesley*," where

the author adduces specimens of Moravian hymns—it is true in order to show how much of what was contained in them was to his fine literary taste mere wretched doggerel; yet at the same time these hymns prove that marching to Zion was performed to the accompaniment of fervent song. The Evangelical Revival which took place toward the end of the last century had, in the Church of England, its *Olney* hymns by Cowper and John Newton, and among the Dissenters the hymns of Isaac Watts and Philip Doddridge. The closely allied Methodist Revival had its immortal hymns of Charles Wesley, which served to give wing to the wonderful preaching and abounding toil and service of John Wesley and George Whitefield. The later awakenings in Scotland have not been without a Murray McCheyne and Horatius Bonar. Neither ought it to be forgotten that the spiritual side of the Oxford movement gave birth to John Keble's "Christian Year"; though the fact must not be overlooked that the general character of this movement was little in line with foregoing revivals.

The "Songs and Solos" of the Great Mission of the seventies under D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey seemed, therefore, in keeping with the methods of Grace among men wherever the Spirit of God is poured out in the quickened life of Christians and the wide awakening of men to the Gospel of Salvation; almost lending countenance to the facetious remark of a sympathetic onlooker at the time, that he should not be surprised if it turned out that our Lord, in sending out His disciples by "two and two," selected one to speak the message, the other to sing it.

It became a moot question with many whether Mr. Sankey's part was not vital to the work, so unanimous was the appreciation which all classes of the community expressed for the "Songs and Solos."

Yet, like everything connected with Mr. Moody's life-work from the beginning, the first steps he took in introducing the songs were very slow and trying. The suggestion of a penny hymn-book for use at the services met with no adequate response. No publisher would undertake the risk. Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey became responsible for hymns and music, chiefly of American origin, that they thought would prove more attractive than the customary hymns and songs hitherto sung in missions in England. Mr. Moody determined to issue a small collection at his own expense. He invested the little money he had in the undertaking. The hymnal was offered at the services, and was quickly sold out. Those who have handled the various editions as they appeared one after the other, have observed how the book has grown until it has reached its present size—a collection of seven hundred and fifty pieces, consisting of songs and solos and standard hymns, the cheapest edition still at a penny; and, what the superior editions of music and words are, most Christian homes, from the drawing-rooms of the rich to the tenements of the poor, can show. Different denominations publish mission hymn-books of their own, preferring, as they tell us, a more solid selection with more definite and complete doctrinal expression; but in no instance have they altogether displaced the "Songs and Solos." The hymns and music have, we believe, permanently woven themselves into the

livelier song of Christian enterprise in all lands. The Church should acknowledge, with gratitude to the Giver of all grace and joy, the support the gospel sung gave the gospel spoken throughout the Great Campaign.

It cannot be too widely made known that, though the two evangelists might have minted money had they been money-making men, they, as a matter of fact, never themselves received a cent of the royalties due on sales to the proprietors. These royalties were immense. They accumulated during the two years of the Awakening in England, having been lost sight of amidst the enthusiasm and absorbing claims of the work. At the end of those two years it was found that several thousands of pounds stood to Mr. Moody's credit at his publishers', which he refused to touch. He offered the amount for the purposes of further evangelistic work in this land; but his friends and fellow-helpers were not satisfied that they ought to accept it. Rumours reached the leaders of his church in Chicago that this was the case, and they wrote over suggesting that if the money went a-begging, a fitting use of it would be to complete the premises of Mr. Moody's Chicago church, which, since the fire, had never been as yet more than half finished. Commercial disasters in the city had stopped supplies; and the church of the renowned evangelist had remained the uncompleted edifice it was. This suggestion was favourably entertained, and finally acted on, and "Moody's Church" made the convenient and roomy premises they are to this day.

This fact speaks volumes for the disinterestedness of the missionaries and for the wise policy they

evinced in determining to avoid all suspicion of personal self-seeking by refusing to accept the money that they might justly have claimed as their right. And we have understood that ever since, the income the book steadily yields has gone to the support of the Moody Educational and Bible Institutions at Northfield and Mount Hermon, Massachusetts. This finally disposes of the unhand-some insinuations freely uttered in some quarters as to what was done with the money. In this particular the good evangelists had hands as clean as are those, say, of "General" Booth, the founder and head of the Salvation Army, who, in like manner, has had to run the gauntlet of misrepresentation by an evil spirit abroad in the world, which cannot understand how men can lead any movement without making a good thing of it for themselves if they get the chance.

These noble men, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who had withstood so much "not answering again," kept clear in this transaction of all appearance of selfish aims at profit-making by not putting anything into their own pockets arising from the sums of money realised by the immense public demand everywhere prevalent for the "Songs and Solos."

It was through this book that multitudes of people in this country for the first time became familiar with bright song in Christian service and worship.

CHAPTER X

MR. MOODY AS BIBLE STUDENT

ST. JAMES says (chap. i. verse 25), in his general epistle, that "he that looketh into the perfect law, the law of liberty, and so continueth, being not a hearer that forgetteth, but a doer that worketh, this man shall be blessed in his doing." Mr. Moody eminently answered to this description. He was just such a man as the verse portrays. He looked, and continued steadfastly to look, into "the perfect law," and was all the while "a doer that worketh;" so he enjoyed the advantage of finding his best commentaries in the actual circumstances and occurrences that surrounded him. Therefore he was "blessed in his doing."

"The man of one book" is specially powerful when the book is the Bible, and the man in whose hands it is constantly found is a man of Mr. Moody's mould and spiritual consecration. "Mighty in the Scriptures," he is mighty in his sphere of activity. He is blessed and a blessing, according to the promise, "I will bless thee and thou shalt be a blessing." Mr. Moody became absorbed in the Scriptures, and read and interpreted them day by day in the light of real life and the knowledge he possessed of the practical condition of the multitudes living around him. He kept a constant lock-

out for facts that would assist him in discovering the meaning of the Word of God and the message it had for his age. He culled illustrations and elucidations from all sources, especially from events that happened under his own observation. His readings and addresses bristled with modern instances and up-to-date interpretations. He marshalled his material with the skill of the practised orator ; and his words told with wonderful effect. They arrested attention, and carried with them their own weight of conviction. He was fresh and interesting ; nothing dragged. The movement of thought was rapid, and illustrations flashed out with instant and luminous brevity. Before the effect of one thrust had worn off, another followed. One blow was planted on the spot where another had just fallen. His message struck home ; and the slain of the Lord were many.

It is freely conceded that he was not a critical student at his desk, or an authority seated in his chair and posted up with the latest on the subject of Biblical criticism—he was not that ; but he was what was immeasurably better, a busy man on his feet who read his Bible under the light and pressure of common life. His interpretations were not, as a rule, remote and far-fetched, but in accord with heart and conscience and understanding of men who passed their time amidst stirring scenes of every-day circumstance. He often said that what the present time required was a larger number of men who “could think on their feet.” He little thought that everybody saw that he was a good instance of this himself. That the lad whose ignorance of the Bible, when he became converted, was such that he ran-

sacked the Old Testament to find St. John's Gospel when his Sunday School teacher told him the subject was there, should, in the course of years, become the teacher of many, not only of a class as ignorant as he had been himself, but one conversant with the Word of God from their youth up, is a remarkable fact—one that serves to show how completely a converted man may overcome difficulties in his path, and grow to possess great store of practical and serviceable Bible knowledge.

To learn how diligently Mr. Moody gathered help from all sources for his own and the people's instruction in the Scriptures, one cannot do better than carefully peruse his "Notes from my Bible," published at the office of *The Christian*. To this source are we mainly indebted for the illustrations we propose to give of his characteristics as a Bible teacher.

In enumerating the features that distinguished him as a student and teacher of the Scriptures, we should place foremost the fact patent to all discerning listeners that he was a spirit-equipped man. "The Holy Ghost was upon him." The fire from above touched him, and his speech was as the fragrance of burning incense; the scented wood of the altar flamed and emitted its sweet odour. He had done as he bade others do, "Tarry at 'the Promise of the Father' till He meets you there." His own prayer had taken the shape of the promises; their perfect fulfilment in his experience had formed and moulded his whole life. This is "the secret of the Lord" that was with him.

His attitude toward the Scriptures was simple. He received and gave them forth as a message inspired by the Spirit on whose presence he

depended. He took them to mean what they said. His business was to interpret them to the man in the street. If one asked him what his ideas of inspiration were he would answer that they were taken from the Scriptures themselves. "As the Holy Ghost saith," was his safe dictum.

For example, he said, "The Old Testament may be divided into the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms. In the Epistle to the Hebrews the writer ascribes each to the Holy Ghost." The Psalms: Heb. iii. 7, "Wherefore as the Holy Ghost saith, To-day if ye will hear His voice, Harden not your hearts," &c., following the quotation of the second part of the ninety-fifth Psalm throughout. This sufficed to convince him that the Book of Psalms was inspired. The Law: Heb. ix. 8, "The Holy Ghost this signifying, that the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest, while as the first tabernacle was yet standing," the reference being to "the things ordained" under the First Covenant. This he deemed enough to show the Divine purpose and authority of the Law. The Prophets, too, were referred to the same source. Heb. x. 15, "Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness for us. This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord," &c., adducing the passage from Jeremiah xxxi. 33. This showed that the prophecy of Jeremiah was given by inspiration of God. He held that what the Epistle to the Hebrews said of these examples taken from the Law, Prophets, and Psalms applied to the Divisions in which they were found, and that the whole Book of the Law, the Prophets, and Psalms came to us bearing the same stamp of

authority and inspiration. This satisfied him. He accepted the clue the Epistle to the Hebrews gave him as to the origin and character of the writings of the Covenant. Questions of scientific criticism did not come within his scope, certainly adverse theories and results did not ; or, if they did, he was silent on them.

He succeeded in communicating to others his own love for the Scriptures. Frequenters of his Bible readings and hearers of his addresses sat with open Bible before them, and with note-book and pencil in hand—quite a numerous and noticeable class of listeners. They caught his enthusiasm for the study of the Bible. Perhaps, if inclined to be critical and nice, one might be justified in here and there running his pen through an interpretation that looks far-fetched or fanciful ; but the overwhelming proportion of his expositions was so sensible and forcible and striking that very few would care to take up the rôle of the exact and minute critic.

Some of his sayings were almost proverbial in their terse brevity. For instance, could anything be expressed more epigrammatically and completely than his way of putting the whole case on doing good and doing evil : "To do evil for evil is corruption. To do evil for good is iniquitous. To do good for good is civil. To do good for evil is Christian." "Providence does the housework of the universe," is his apt remark on Matthew vi., where Christ speaks of the Father feeding and clothing His children. The seventh of Matthew is the chapter of *twos* : "Two gates, strait and wide ; Two ways, broad and narrow ; Two classes,

many and few ; Two destinations, life and destruction ; Two trees, good and corrupt ; Two fruits, good and evil ; Two things done, hewn down and cast out ; Two houses ; Two foundations, rock and sand ; Two builders, wise and foolish ; Two storms ; Two results, the one house stood, the other fell." "A saint is often under a cross, never under a curse." "Christ's yoke is made for two necks—ours and His ; take My yoke upon you." "Christian men often become rich, but rich men seldom become Christians." "A hundredfold is the Lord's dividend, 10,000 per cent.," which the endless multiplying of his work assisted him to understand. In speaking of the "dumb spirit" that "tare" the young man possessed, "and he fell on the ground and wallowed foaming," he remarked that "like a bad tenant, the devil tried to do as much harm as he could when he got notice to quit." On Luke i. 53, "The rich he hath sent empty away," he has these words : "Christ sends none empty away but those who are full of themselves." You are to wash the saint's feet (John xiii. 5), "but not in scalding water"—an adroit thrust at those who even do good in a scolding rather than in a loving spirit. "To fear is to have more faith in your antagonist than in Christ" is another remark as helpful as it is sagacious.

On Galatians v. 22, the fruit of the Spirit is given in terms of *love* : "Joy is love exulting ; Peace is love reposing ; Longsuffering is love untiring ; Gentleness is love enduring ; Goodness is love in action ; Faith is love on the battlefield ; Meekness is love under discipline ; Temperance is love in training." Thus the fruit of the Spirit is shown to be fruit in the cluster, which love holds together.

On Phil. ii. 14, "Do all things without murmurings and disputings," "murmuring" is described as quarrelling with God, "disputing" as quarrelling with men. On the eighth verse of the same chapter, where the words concerning Christ occur, "found in fashion as a man," "Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him," he has this note: "Christ twice passed the angels."

To the many friends he met who were giving their children to the mission-field, he said encouragingly and cheerily, "God only had one Son, and He sent Him on a foreign mission." To those Christian workers who did not find their sphere of service abroad, but at home, he with equal readiness and helpfulness quoted Mark v. 19: "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee," adding, "Here was a missionary convert designated to *home* mission work." "There may be times," he said on one occasion, "when there is real progress in the Christian's life, though he does not seem to be going ahead," and to make this plain he used this apt simile: "The Christian is like a canal-boat in a lock, which must take time to rise to a higher level before it can advance up stream." "Heaven's choir came down to sing when heaven's King came down to save," a reference to our Lord's nativity. "If you live by the gospel precepts, you may live on the gospel promises," is a sample of innumerable sayings of his that show how inclined he always was to put the stress of his teaching to Christians on holy living; spiritual privilege with him always stood connected with ethical practice. When reading Luke iv. 11, "In their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any

time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone," pausing, he interjected this neat remark: "A little danger, but a great providence."

Thus brightly, briefly, swiftly, would he move on through the Word of God; giving an illuminating, arresting comment on a given passage, just a word that would stick. His speech was glowing, apt, telling, epigrammatic, often alliterative; and the whole was pervaded by a wholesome air of robust good sense and lightened by a play of humour that made every sympathetic listener the better for what he heard. His remarks were quotable and easy to the note-taker. As, for example, when reading Luke vi. 41-49, he summarised the paragraph in the three alliterative words: Faults, vers. 41, 42; Fruit, vers. 43-45; Foundations, vers. 46-49. The familiar fourth of John was after the same fashion distributed under the five words "Well, woman, worship, witness, white fields."

It is of course easily possible to have too much of this sort of thing, and there are no doubt many Bible readers who would obtain no help from it whatever; yet at the same time it must be said that probably the average listener found it of assistance to him; and it is likely that the one who used it pretty accurately gauged the taste of his audiences. Any way, all will admit the force of the words he added on the woman at the well in John iv., "This woman was not interested in the gospel, but she was interested in the drawing of water; so Christ spoke to her about that." This lesson he learnt effectually from the Great Teacher; and began to talk to the people on what they were interested in, luring them on to higher

things, and in language he knew from wide experience they liked ; and if any one is inclined to criticise his methods adversely let it be the man who has succeeded as well by other and more dignified means.

A favourite theme of his was John i. 35-39, the two disciples who visited Christ and spent the rest of the day with him : "They abode with Him that day ; and it was about the tenth hour." "A day with Jesus is never forgotten. John, writing of it years after, remembered what o'clock it was." And then linking Luke xxiv. 29 with this passage, he showed that Christ came to stay with two disciples in *their* home at the end, just as two disciples came to stay with Him in *His* home at the beginning ; a coincidence from which he wrought out the theme "Christ with us, we with Him." Once when reading the great commandment of the Law and the second like unto it, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . and thy neighbour as thyself," he paused, and looking at his audience with serious mien said, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Luke xviii. 12: "I give tithes of all that I possess," had this rider, "People are supposed to contribute 'according to their means,' which often means 'according to their meanness.'" Luke xxiv. 15: "While they communed together and reasoned, Jesus Himself drew near." "We do not sufficiently realise that if any two of us make Jesus the subject of our conversation He Himself will be one of our company."

He was equally at home in the Epistles and the Gospels. He had a very telling subject in Romans xiii. 10 on the words, "Love is the fulfilling of the Law," the ethical character of a saved man's life,

in treating which he passed in review the ten commandments, and showed that they are all contained in "love." Love to God admits no other gods ; Love refuses to debase its object in an image ; Love to God does not dishonour His name ; Love to God reverences His day ; Love to parents secures them honour ; hate is a murderer, not love ; Lust, not love, is unclean ; Love gives, but does not rob ; Love will not slander or defame ; the eye of Love is never covetous. By the time the speaker had done, everybody saw the weight of the apostle's dictum, that "love is the fulfilling of the law." This method of treatment flooded with light the whole situation and character of the saintly life.

His running comments were very telling, and his skill in placing passages in a new light by apposite arrangement quite a gift. Paul's two Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians were like each other in their wide outlook on the Church, yet with a difference : "Ephesians tells us what Christ has in the Church, the body for the Head ; Colossians what the Church has in Christ, the Head for the body"—a sententious way of putting their relation to each other which affords a clue to their characteristics. Luke ii. 9 and xxiii. 44 are linked together by the remark that "When Christ was born, midnight gloom lightened into midday brightness ; when Christ died, midday darkened into midnight." Luke viii. 42 and 43 : "Jairus' daughter had been living twelve years ; this poor woman had been dying twelve years." Luke xv. and xvi. : The prodigal son and the rich man ; one a wicked man in this world, the other a wicked man in the next world also ; both "afar off"—verses 20 and



A GROUP OF MOUNT HERMON BOYS.



SOME STUDENTS OF MOUNT HERMON.

See Chap. xii.]

23 in the respective chapters ; but what a difference ! In the one case he is coming back, and son and father meet ; in the other there is "a great gulf fixed," so that they cannot "pass over that would come from thence" !

It was quite after his cheery manner to hear him say to buffeted and tried Christians that it was something to learn "that they were worth tempting." His spiritual insight often came out in these homely readings, expressed in the phraseology of the market and the street. Phil. iv. 19 : "But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus," was a blank cheque in which you might insert a sum equal to your requirement. The bank on which it was drawn is "My God" ; the promise, "shall supply" ; the amount, "all your need" ; the capital of the bank, "His riches" ; the address, "in glory" ; the signature of the cheque, "Christ Jesus." "This cheque must be endorsed by the person to whom it is made payable," is the footnote of the cheque. The Pharisees' difficulty in understanding why our Lord "did eat" with publicans and sinners, calls forth the shrewd observation, "More persons are ready to shrink from sinners than are ready to shrink from sin ;" and the equally pertinent remark that "If Christ had declined to associate with sinners, He would have had a lonely time on earth !" On our need of the Holy Spirit, he said, "You might as well try to hear without ears, or to breathe without lungs, as to live a Christian life without the Spirit of God in your hearts." James ii. 26 : "Faith without works is dead," "Idle grace soon becomes active corruption."

There was often a delightful quaintness about his

treatment of a theme that made it intensely interesting to his audiences. For example, Jesus rebuking the fever, Luke iv. 38 ; using "fever" as a type of sin, he spoke of its symptoms, such as restlessness, burning heat, intermittent thirst ; and there were, said he, different kinds of fever, such as yellow fever for gold ; brain fever for overweening cleverness. The causes of fever were these : living in low-lying ground—the flats of unbelief, the damps of worldliness, instead of the hills of faith ; allowing things to stagnate, want of cleanliness, poor diet, and infection taken from others. To recur for a moment to John iv., "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life," "water rises to its level," was his remark. And, "You may write on every water-pot of this world, 'Thirst again.'" Again, "The man who bears the mark in his forehead is the only one who does not see it." Or, this on the rising of Lazarus, "It was a good thing that Jesus called Lazarus by name, otherwise every dead man in the graveyard would have come forth." Speaking of the graces of peace and joy and hope, and faith and patience, he remarked that "Joy is peace dancing, peace is joy resting ; patience is hope lengthened, confidence is hope strengthened. Hope is a good anchor, but it needs something to grip ; anchor to the throne, then shorten the rope." "Fervent prayer in the power of the Spirit is a good preservation against evil thoughts : flies never settle on a boiling pot." "Many love at their tongue's end, but the godly love at their finger's end."

His thoughts were as often of deep and grave beauty as they were sagacious, memory-helping, and clinging. On the words of the Lord's Supper,

"Before I suffer," he once said, "His prospect in taking the supper was suffering; our prospect in taking the supper is 'glory'—"till He come." "Afflictions are but the shadows of God's wings," is a sentence that has a touch of sublimity in it. 2 Corinthians iii. 3 called forth the observation that "We cannot all be apostles," but we ought all to be "epistles"—"love-letters from Jesus Christ to the world," "illuminated texts." He paused at the 28th verse in a reading on Romans viii., "Called according to His purpose," and said, "We are expected when we come to Christ."

Any incident he had witnessed or heard of he seized and worked in. The petition, "Lead us not into temptation," drew from him an account of a pilot who was asked if he knew all the rocks along the coast. "No," he replied; "all I want is to know where there are no rocks." "By their fruits shall ye know them": Some one flippantly remarked to Wendell Phillips, "Hindooism is as good as Christianity." He replied, "India is the answer." A man in a boat on being asked what he did to keep awake when he felt sleepy on watch, answered, "I clean the lamps"; this was used to illustrate Mark xiii. 36, "Watch . . . lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping." On doing all to the glory of the Lord, he related the case of a poor shoemaker who overheard some one ask "whether his business was not shoemaking," rejoined, "Excuse me, my business is to glorify God; I earn my bread by making shoes."

If this method were not quite in the order of customary theological and homiletical treatment, it was, nevertheless, wonderfully in keeping with the lot and ways of men; and sat equally well on

speaker and hearers. Mr. Moody had scant patience with pedantic doctrine, and cared only for the living and moving truth of God's word in its bearing on daily life. "The river of God's truth," he said, "flows down before us pure and clear as crystal ; but we take our theological stick and stir it up until we cannot see the bottom." "Oh, for the simplicity of Christ," he cried out, "the simplicity He practised when standing among the people !" And thousands echoed the sentiment. When reading the words, "Compel them to come in," he expressed the opinion that "Sometimes by theological wisdom, by church architecture, by our conduct, we compel people to stay away." In so speaking, he was only giving his own experience in the early days of his work among the poor and outcast in Chicago, when he found it difficult, often impossible, to get the poorest and roughest of the people, on becoming converted, to enter the sumptuous buildings in which the well-ordered and wealthy Churches worshipped. For this reason, it will be remembered, he became his own church builder.

For all spiritual life and fellowship, and good order, and intelligent methods in the Churches, he had profound respect ; also, for truly Christian writers and divines and ministers, and for the claims of Christian communion ; and, as far as in him lay, his work was carried on in sympathetic associations with all the orders of Church life. What made him speak, as he sometimes did, of systematic theology and doctrinal formularies and staid methods of work, was the fact he made no effort to conceal, that he was the sworn enemy of artificiality and coldness and austere dignity everywhere ; and nowhere more than when seen in Church life and usage.

What was of vital importance to him was the practice of truth, the maintenance in common life and homely daily occupation of the duty of obedience as "unto the Lord." Again and again he returned to this in his missions. A series of readings on the Lord's Prayer was one of the most powerful methods he employed in enforcing Christian conduct. The petition, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," furnished him with a formidable weapon wherewith to confront an unchristian temper. He maintained stoutly and unmistakably that he who does not forgive is not forgiven. So drastic was his position on this aspect of Christian duty that, as he said, he had repeatedly observed people get up and leave the audience when he spoke in this way, "because he thought they were not able to receive his message"; whereas it again and again came to his knowledge that they left to become reconciled to some one with whom they were at enmity; and, in some instances, they were back again, peaceful and happy, before he had concluded his address! How delightfully he told the story, too, of the housemaid who said that since her conversion at the mission she had swept under the mats when going through her daily round of house cleaning!

The notes and anecdotes and illustrations given in this chapter may possibly appear to be in the eyes of readers mere *disjecta membra*, nothing but the broken remains of the feast, and such only we fear we must confess they are; yet they are just such things as are left to us; and it should always be borne in mind that the binding personality is no longer present with us.

CHAPTER XI

MR. MOODY AS PUBLIC TEACHER

MR. MOODY accustomed a large section of the religious public of England to a freer method in the pulpit than was generally known among the Churches, a method that may best be described as "American"—unconventional, some might say, loose and discursive, even familiar to a fault. Perhaps it were better to designate him a great spiritual teacher and revivalist rather than strictly an eminent preacher. We do not suppose that he will take his place permanently among the great preachers of the age. It were, we think, a wrong to his memory to attempt to assign him such place. The volumes of his addresses or discourses, anecdotal, outspoken, hortatory, searching, practical, rapid, can scarcely be put in the category of preaching. They were perfectly adapted to their purpose, and achieved it; and this we take to be the highest tribute possible to their value within their own range. But no one would think of placing them on a par with sermons of our preachers of the first rank. We hold that there is no public utterance on religion of equal value to trained hearers than a great sermon. A lady, after listening

to enthusiastic opinions on the superiority of a freer and more homely handling of truth than the sermon, as ordinarily understood, warrants, once said in our hearing, "They may say what they will, but nothing does me so much good as a good sermon." And probably many are ready to say the same thing.

Mr. Moody was a public teacher accredited with remarkable success. In this respect the modern world does not show his superior, perhaps not his equal. He stands out almost alone as an evangelist who was content to preach the Gospel of Salvation to men, and await the issue, avoiding any outward exhibition that might mar the pure spirituality of his work. He did something to introduce a more natural style in public services in England, also in America—as many have held—much to the advantage both of Church, congregations, and missions.

We regard the air of freshness, of unconventional and unrestrained freedom his methods wore, as largely constituting their charm. On the platform he was bracing as a prairie breeze. Did he speak of the "walk" of men as revealing character? He showed what he meant by illustration rather than statement: "'That man is a military man,' I remarked on passing him; but how did I know? By the way he walks. So you know Christians by their 'walk.'" On one occasion he combated the idea so common in the present day that all that is needed is culture, simply the education of the religious life, by taking out his watch and observing that it was full of fine things, "but if I planted it I should not get any little watches, should I? Why? Because there is no germ of life there. But if I

plant peas or potatoes I get a crop. So there must be life first, then cultivation if you will." He referred to "giving up the world," as the phrase goes, in this way : "A man said to me, 'Mr. Moody, now that I am converted, have I to give up the world?' 'No,' said I, 'you haven't to give up the world. If you give a good ringing testimony for the Son of God, the world will give you up pretty quick ; they won't want you.'" He illustrated the ignorance of the "exceeding great and precious promises" that keeps many Christians poor by the story of a poor old widow in the Highlands of Scotland who was called on by a gentleman who had learnt that she was in need. "Did not her son who was doing well in Australia help her?" "No," said the widowed mother ; "he writes me every month, but only puts a bit of paper I can make nothing of in with his letter." He asked to see it ; and found that each letter contained a draft for ten pounds. Thus many live practically poor when they are well provided for, did they but know it.

The spirituality of his work was another of its features. Prayer held a high and reverent place in all his meetings. It was not till there was perfect silence and decorum in even his most thronged assemblies that he opened his lips to lead in prayer or call others to do so. The voices of many known and honoured men have been heard on these occasions, amid the hush of thousands. He placed pre-eminent value on prayer. "Many of our prayer-meetings are killed by men trying to pray who cannot pray because their lives are not right," he said on one public occasion. Whilst giving these home-thrusts at those who "ask and receive not

because they ask amiss," he did all he could to encourage the prayerful and right living to use their gift of supplication on behalf of men. "My dear friends, never stop praying ; do not be discouraged ; God wants you to 'pray without ceasing.'"

He made much of *living* Christ as well as preaching Christ. He would do great honour to those whom he found carrying the spirit and life of Christ into practical affairs as they occurred. For example, a young lady from a magnificent West End home in London had her meed of praise who used her knowledge of Gaelic to read to an old Highlander who only knew that tongue, at the time of all the week when he was most tempted to get drunk. A son of a wealthy London banker paid a "cabby" by the hour and stood on the cab-stand with his horse, in order to set the cabby free to attend Mr. Moody's evening meetings ; that young gentleman was not forgotten. This *was* living Christ. In another instance, a merchant spent his Saturday afternoons with a working man for the sake of safe-guarding him from the drink, which usually consumed all his newly-paid wages before midnight ; and he continued to do this in a beautifully friendly and unobtrusive way until he got the man altogether away from the drink. "This is a good way to confess Christ," was the evangelist's opinion on these instances of self-sacrifice and consideration for others. On the other hand he had but scant comfort for those who coddled and enjoyed themselves morning, noon, and night at his services, and did not lift a finger to help others more needy than themselves to come in.

He held that the only power by which Christians could maintain this level of service was the daily "renewing of the Holy Ghost." "High heaven" must "daily hear" "the vow renewed." "A man," he said, "can no more take in a supply of grace for the future than he can eat enough to-day to last him for the next six months ; or take sufficient air into his lungs at once to sustain life for a week to come. We must draw upon God's boundless stores of grace from day to day, as we need it."

One of the most marked traits of his character was the sympathy he had for all other men. He possessed a wonderful aptitude for putting himself in their places and seeing things from their standpoint, and, as it were, from behind their eyes. In this respect he was more like Charles H. Spurgeon than any man we have ever known. He was never tired of telling of the lad in Chicago who would pass by the customary places of worship and go a long distance to attend "Moody's School." When the lad was asked by a lady why he persisted in going so far when he could attend a place much nearer his home and just as good : "They may be as good for others, but not for me," was his reply. "Why not ?" she further asked. "Because they love a fellow over there," was his outspoken answer. This reply of the poor Chicago boy, more than anything that could be said, touches the secret of Mr. Moody's attraction. He succeeded in all his work in surrounding himself with an atmosphere of love, "love without dissimulation," the real thing, unmistakably evinced in unpretentious and friendly service and considerate helpfulness for all who would allow themselves to be served by him.

It was impressive to see Mr. Moody come on the platform before audiences that, oftener than not, numbered many thousands. The plain, powerful man in a black suit, simple mannered, Bible in hand, took his place quietly, with no betrayal of self-consciousness, and opened the meeting in the most natural way imaginable. This always if the audience were seated and ready; but if it were crowded and had not settled down, then, as though he were only an usher, he would direct the people to seats, and if there were no seats remaining unoccupied set others to fetch them. We remember that on one such occasion he told a peer of the realm to lend a hand in fetching chairs, which the peer seemed delighted to do. He showed the hand of the adroit manager by the way in which he adduced good order and comfort out of confusion and rush. He had an experienced eye for a crowd. When all was still and everybody ready, he took the presidency of the meeting with perfect ease and composure. He created the feeling at once that he wanted you to feel quite at home with him; which went a long way toward preparing you to listen to what he had to say.

There would then be more or less of singing by the audience, led by the choir, perhaps a second solo, a reading with pungent, spirited comments thrown in here and there, audible prayer, not necessarily led by himself, all brief, terse, eager, devout; and next, the address at the right moment. With unerring judgment Mr. Moody discerned "the psychological moment" for his message, and it was delivered straight out, with little regard for rhetorical, academic, or homiletical methods. He

could "think on his feet," and deftly adapt all he said to the occasion. He took the situation in at a glance, and made his dispositions accordingly. Everybody saw that he was dead in earnest. He was wise to win souls. He was too absorbed in his task to be hindered by self-consciousness, too sincere to give a thought to himself or wonder what the throng were thinking of him. He valued brevity, a rule, however—borne on the tide of interest that rose in the scene before him—he sometimes honoured in the breach. The material he had provided for his addresses was ample, but whether he used it all depended on circumstances. He repeated his subjects from mission to mission, and made no secret of it; yet, though the groundwork might always remain, the proportion of amplification he gave to his theme, and the kind of illustrations he employed, varied from time to time.

His habit of accumulating matter for use in his missions has long since become generally known. He labelled large-size envelopes with a topic say, for instance, "The New Birth," or "Justification," or "Consecration"; then anything he met with went into the envelope. He cared not where he got it—it might be a newspaper cutting, or a paragraph from a periodical, it mattered not; all was grist that came to his mill. In course of years some of those envelopes grew very stout and bulky like himself, and must have yielded provender for a series of subjects instead simply of one subject. The giving symmetrical form to the heterogeneous matter on hand, the welding of it into a coherent whole, was where his ingenuity and skill had play. The clear Saxon speech, the speech of the market

and the street and the home, the American accent and tone which he made no attempt to disguise, the abrupt, direct style of address, the hearty manner, the humour, the pathos, the rapid despatch, the startling pauses, the skill to know when to stop, were traits all his own, and became familiar to all who frequented his meetings. Some of his envelopes, of which there were many, looked much worn with use, others were hardly soiled. In his public addresses he always kept to the central truths. He dealt invariably with "the things most surely believed among us": repentance, regeneration, justification by faith in Christ, the Spirit's life, union with the Risen Lord, consecration, the hallowing of life by the indwelling Power, heaven, the penalty of sin, the hope of the Church in the reign of Christ, the urgency of the present opportunity of salvation, and other nearly related subjects. He adhered to the cardinal verities of the Christian Faith; side issues, subsidiary questions, controversial subjects most certainly, he eschewed. Therein he showed fidelity to his mission. He did the work of an evangelist.

Men might take exception to much that met them in these "Moody missions;" but no one could gainsay the fact that he held the ear of the people as no other evangelist in recent years has. His work is his witness. During many years he could go into any big city in America or England at any time, and assemble and hold for weeks together audiences numbered by the thousand; by the use of the simple apparatus of Bible talk with prayer and song, and with no adventitious assistance from outward spectacle, or bizarre, or extravagant cry,

which no other man living could do. There was life, animation, the power of the Spirit, the accent of conviction all could detect, the impress of reality on all he said and did. He did not depend on a force that would expend and by and by exhaust itself, but on one daily renewable and daily renewed. Each mission had its own fresh fountain of upspringing life and blessing. Every meeting struck the spring for its own supply ; so nothing was stale, nothing flat, nothing slow, nothing suggestive of exhaustion, or suspicious of waning interest. It carried home to men and women the testimony to its vitality in the good it did them. Thus the work was sustained.

To spiritually minded people the day Bible readings afforded the instruction and sustenance they needed for the work of the evening meetings. What those readings were to multitudes can never be fully told. The riveted attention, the searchings of heart, the conviction concerning the "poor, dying rate" at which much Church life was lived, the resolve that such time past should suffice for this order of things, the lively spirit of service begotten, the sustained devotion and consecration aroused, the expansion of views and sympathies realised, the discovery that appeared so new, though it ought not to have been, that the Bible means what it says, were oft-repeated attendant signs of these privileged occasions. To well instructed Christians Mr. Moody was at his best in his Bible readings.

He was so useful a teacher of spiritual things because he was so diligent a learner. He never tired of Bible study. He gave the freshest and least interrupted hours of the morning to it. He abounded

in prayer also. He did not use an extensive Biblical apparatus : the English version, a Scripture text-book, and a concordance, were the chief, if not the only, helps he required. Keeping his large heart and virile mind in constant and close contact with the Word of God, he found the Word to be a perennial source of new experience of Divine things, of new conceptions of truth, of further wisdom and working power for the present day's service. Who among men have not found in their degree the same thing ? "The Word of Christ dwelling in them richly," produces in its season fresh fruit and vivid realisations of the Spirit's might.

If one lesson for the Church stands out in Mr. Moody's life, it is a lesson of the value of constant prayer and nourishment of the life on Bible truth and Christian practice. To say that from first to last he had no critical methods, and no familiarity with most recent interpretation, is not to his disparagement. It is true he had not ; and it is well he had not. No one could suspect him of academic leanings, or of favour for any school of thought. He was a plain man and handled a plain Book ; this was all he professed. Not that he was narrow and prejudiced, and wholly shut off from inquiry and research. To assume that this was the case would be to do him injustice. He could welcome in late years foremost Biblical scholars to the Northfield platform, such as Professor Drummond and Dr. George Adam Smith, men to whom the range of scientific criticism was familiar ground. But this, he felt, was not for him. He remained, to the credit of his good sense, the homely, easily understood reader of the Bible he was at the commence-

ment of his missions. "Of what use is it to tell people that there are two Isaiahs," he remarked not long ago to Dr. G. A. Smith, his guest, "when many of them don't know even that there is one." This observation may be accepted as an indication of the attitude he assumed toward the new theories propounded as the result of research into the structure and age of the books of the Bible. He took the unvarnished, straightforward message contained in it, and, with the mother wit he was dowered with brought it to bear on nineteenth century life as it is seen in the centres of action and thought in England and America ; and the answer and attitude of unnumbered multitudes of men and women whose faculties are whetted by the impact of modern affairs, is his vindication. They learnt the "patience and comfort of the Scriptures" under his teaching ; and as a consequence had "hope" instead of the distress and insecurity and despair only too often the result of following other methods.

His good sense was shown in his silence on a department that did not belong to him. He held on his way right along the familiar track, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left ; and, on his own ground, and in the use of his own methods, he was the master and chieftain he showed himself to be.

CHAPTER XII

NORTHFIELD AND MOUNT HERMON INSTITUTIONS

MR. MOODY, on his return to America at the close of his campaign in Great Britain and Ireland during the years 1873-5, decided to reside at Northfield, Massachusetts, his native place. He had really been without a home since he was burnt out of his cottage in the Chicago fire of 1871. Four or five years is a long time for a home-loving man, intensely fond of quiet, and liking no company as he liked the society of wife and children, to be without any certain dwelling place. The winter following the fire he had put up alone in such accommodation as his temporary hall afforded, in order that he might be in the midst of the suffering and want of the poor during the first period of the disaster, his family being more suitably provided for elsewhere. Then his missions and journeys, and the immense toil and enthusiasm of his work in England, Scotland, and Ireland, quickly followed. What wonder that he should now long for the quietude he needed ; or that he should turn wistfully toward the peaceful valley of the Connecticut and its gentle hills, and desire to dwell in the home of his childhood where still lived his sweet old mother in the shelter of well-earned rest.

He purchased a small estate on which he came to reside, a home destined to be the cynosure of many eyes and to become familiar to many similar-minded men whose names in the Churches on either side of the water are familiar as household words. The chats, the good story-telling, the pleasant confidences, the easy intercourse, the natural flow of humour, the more serious discussion of plans and ways and means for the carrying out of further extensive schemes of philanthropy, education, and training that he desired to bring into existence, made the veranda and tree-shades of that house a spot with many noble men to memory dear.

It is not likely that Mr. Moody had at first any conception whereunto the plan he now cherished for the education and training in Bible knowledge and Christian work of Christian young men and women, would grow, or that in so few years he would see it actually accomplished in and around Northfield. He came there from love for the old spot, and that he might have a retired and restful home for himself during the summer months, and also be near his mother. His winters from October to April he would still give mostly to campaigning. His schemes grew out of what he had seen and heard of the needs of intelligent Christian lads and girls who were eager to be useful, but were not in a position to pay for the education and special training that they required if they were to become thoroughly efficient in the service of Churches and missions in the wide field of the world.

He began with the Northfield Seminary for women, which was opened in about three years from the time of his settling there. Then followed

in less than two years the Mount Hermon School, four miles off, for young men. The use of these attractively situated blocks of buildings as Summer Schools and as places for Conference and Convention gatherings seemed to follow naturally. From 1880 onwards Northfield has been the scene of much animated Christian fellowship and counsel among workers and teachers convened from many lands. From its assemblies hundreds have gone forth with new impulse and quickened life for the work of Christ and His Church in the world. There are numbers of workers in England and America and the mission field to-day who bless God that they ever saw Northfield. Northfield is to the New England States what Keswick is to Old England—a centre from which go forth every summer holy influences and the light that leads. During other parts of the year it is what Keswick is not—the scene of education and training of consecrated young lives for the Christian service of the generation.

These institutions grouped several hundreds of young people in two central buildings, at a distance apart, for an education that should be Christian and helpful for all common duties in the home as well as special work in the Churches. A free section was provided for those without means, and a moderate paying section for those who could afford to pay, without any outward distinction whatever. Residence combined the freedom and intercourse of home with the regulations of college life. Class work went hand in hand with domestic training, general education with careful study of the Word of God. There was open-air life with freedom to

room over acres of wooded landscape, and society of one's own rank and age. This was the idea that Mr. Moody embodied at Northfield : that he thereby met a want was shown in the hundreds of applications he received beyond the resources of the buildings to accommodate.

Amidst these extensive schemes to meet the requirement of young people, one might be sure that his dear old mother would not be forgotten. She was always handsomely remembered. Mr. Moody added a wing to the cottage where the mother resided, the "Betsy Moody cottage" of many callers and many pleasant recollections. It was delightful to witness the thoughtfulness of her son. With his own hand he would bring down fresh fruit and vegetables in the early morning ; for during the five or six months of his residence at home his habit was to rise early. After employing the first fresh hours of the day in Bible study and prayer, he would be off before breakfast on a drive round the farm, and would bring home milk, vegetables, and fruit. By the breakfast hour at 7.30 he had often done an ordinary man's day's work. After breakfast came the walk to the poultry yard, half a mile off, to feed the chickens. He got back before the heat of the day came on, and then worked in his study or on the veranda till the dinner hour at one o'clock. By this time the mail had arrived, bringing a heavy lot of correspondence each day. What he could suitably hand to subordinates he did, but reserved letters of first importance for himself, especially letters of inquiries on things spiritual, even when they came from eccentric people. He was always



MR. MOODY : A DRIVE ROUND THE FARM.

scrupulous to do his utmost to meet the difficulties of religious seekers with helpful counsel and encouragement. The cool later hours of the day found him busy out of doors again. He always reserved his evenings, when free from public engagements, for his own fireside and the society of his wife and children. Here he always was at his best, as noble men usually are. Of the truth of the saying that every man has two sides, one to face the world with, the other to show to those he loves, Mr. Moody was an eminent instance. If in business he was at times abrupt, he was the tenderest of men in the privacy of his home. He bears the test of home behaviour well. He once met a religious crank who told him that he was conscious of being perfect: "Glad to hear it," said the evangelist; but added, "I should like to ask your wife first." In his own case, we are sure, Mrs. Moody and the sons and daughter would be the first to testify to the rounded completeness and consistency of his life. What he was as husband and father harmonised with what he was as popular Christian worker in two continents.

That he was a good neighbour has come to light since his death even more than before. Many a stealthy deed of kindness has come to be freely mentioned now he is gone. As the widows stood by Peter in the upper chamber, where Dorcas lay, "weeping and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them," so over the newly made grave of this good man the story is told of his good deeds. Busily occupied as he was, he had a way of calling at homes where sickness was, or death, or poverty, or trouble, and

speaking words of comfort and offering words of prayer ; and there would be at the same time the basket of fruit or the fresh-cut produce of the farm-gardens, or eggs and chicken from the poultry-yard, or other relief or token of neighbourly kindness. This showed the man. He was never happier than when in his own demesne or amongst his own neighbours. Most of them were engaged in agriculture, and had interests in common with his ; he delighted in stock and poultry, in orchard and field and garden ; he liked to see things grow and to spend time amid the quiet beauty of nature's ripening yield. Added to this was the satisfaction of providing for his hundreds of girls and boys whom he had befriended and was training for noble service, and of securing the healthful change he needed from the strain and exhaustion of his winter's missions. His summer months at Northfield every year were not without their idyllic side.

The Northfield and Mount Hermon institutions do not represent the whole of Mr. Moody's organisations. These led to others, or became in various ways connected with others. The foremost place most likely belongs to the Bible Colportage he founded in Chicago and administered. This society stood associated with the agencies of his Avenue Church. It had an issue department for the distribution of Christian literature. Also the Northfield magazines and papers should be remembered in this connection. Mr. Moody's own productions numbered over twenty, and their circulation was enormous. Mr. Revell, the publisher, Mrs. Moody's brother, issued Mr. Moody's publications in Chicago. The best known of them are

probably "Sowing and Reaping," "The Way to God," "The Faithful Saying," and "Notes From My Bible." These, with many others, are published in England at the office of *The Christian*, and still continue in large demand.

It was something that he should see around him before the close of his great work upwards of 350 girl students receiving an education, training in Bible knowledge, and instruction in household management, at a cost within the means of the poor. Mrs. Moody's deft hand was visible in the arrangements and orderly government of this home. Also nearly 500 young men students at Mount Hermon, who would enter life with heightened purpose because of the influence the institution had upon them, many of them, indeed, to toil in distant mission fields or the ministry of the Christian Church.

He built a new hall, which seats an audience of upwards of two thousand persons, besides which there were convenient smaller halls for other occasions. He sometimes collected by his personal exertions £25,000 in a year toward these extensive and costly enterprises. These schemes, as well as those for Chicago, were completed by the summer of 1899. No one knew but that he would live for years to witness and enjoy the success of his great undertakings. He does not appear to have had any idea himself that it was to be otherwise.

The head, however, has been taken from these useful public institutions, and on the sons and son-in-law and nephew the onerous duty has fallen of continuing the immense work their illustrious kinsman has bequeathed. He said on his death-bed

that he had been ambitious not to leave them a fortune in money, but in "work to do." He *has* left them work to do that may well fill up the measure of their days and engage fully all their powers. Northfield and Mount Hermon and the Chicago Bible Institute and Colportage, with their thousand and one appliances, might well satisfy the ambition of his successors for worthy service and occupation throughout their own day. It is satisfactory to the Christian Church to know that the sons—Messrs. William R. and Paul, and the nephew, Mr. Ambert G. Moody, and son-in-law, Mr. A. P. Fitt—possess much of the resourceful energy and working steadfastness and good sense of their noble relation. They are worthy men, and command the sympathy and confidence of the friends of the founder throughout the Christian community, and should receive the same support and generous recognition he enjoyed, both for the sake of his memory and their own worth. They find themselves in a responsible position, with immense demands incessantly coming on them. Christians might well pray for them that they may continue to receive a good supply of the Spirit that dwelt in him. The Lord has taken from them the head—their Elijah—and both they, and all the men of the sons of the prophets about them also, may well realise their Elisha-like need.

CHAPTER XIII

OTHER MISSIONS TO THE CLOSE

MR. MOODY paid three visits to England subsequent to the memorable visit of 1875; namely, a brief one in 1881, and one lasting six months in 1883, and again a short visit in 1891. These occasions were productive of much good, which would have been more remarked on had it not been dwarfed by the mighty proportions and results of the former times. It is said that wise observers noticed a change in the preacher's method; he was thought to have insisted less on the doctrines of grace than before. So sagacious an observer as Dr. Dale noticed a difference: all saw that the spiritual harvest was not equal to what had been previously witnessed. Without underestimating the refreshment of life and enrichment of experience that came to many loving hearts, and the instances of conversion that appeared wherever he went, it must yet be conceded that both the interest evoked and the good done fell short of the wonderful achievements of the years 1873-5.

One truth that this difference between these later meetings and those former ones teaches is, that the former great work was not of man, and could not

be commanded again by man or repeated to order. It was of God and not of man ; it was of grace and not of the Churches. It was not within the control of even the best and most zealous men and women in the land. Had it been, they would have always had it ; they would have perpetuated and extended it without let until the whole of the people had been reached and brought within the power of the Gospel of Salvation. It was seen that such extent of command was not possessed by them. As it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps, so it is not in the Church to command at will spiritual results. We may not be able to explain this ; but the fact should be freely and humbly recognised that as "the way of man is not in himself," so the way of the Church of God is not with her, but her Head and Lord. There are times and seasons in the Church—times and seasons of outpouring of blessing, of opportunities and calls and convictions that, if obeyed, lead to life.

That these times of quickening pass away and are followed by movements that proceed on an even level, with little to exhilarate and only small ability to produce impressions, we must admit. Why this should be, who can quite tell ? It is sometimes said that the responsibility for this lies wholly at the door of the Church ; but probably all feel that this does not account for everything. Good people are as good, praying men and women as much given to prayer, as before ; the exercise of faith is as vigorous in many hearts, saintly walk as holy, self-sacrifice as great ; yet there is little visible growth—little that is new and inspiring is seen. Indeed, has not the sight been witnessed ere now in which the awakening

has been sudden as a tropical storm? There had been no conscious preparation for the visitation—perhaps no thought of it; yet it came. The sign was in the heavens, and lo! the blessing descends, and the startled Church sings—

“Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o’er all the thirsty land.”

This is much as it was with Mr. Moody’s great work in Britain, readers will remember, when he and Mr. Sankey came to England in 1873. What could have been more unpromising at first than the appearance of things as they then were? They were unknown men, without funds, with no welcome, the two good men dead who would have received them. It was a question whether they should not go back whence they came. Mr. Moody’s beginning on his first Sunday morning in the Rev. Theophilus Lessey’s pulpit wore no indication of what was going to happen at night. He thought the service cold and devoid of interest. Who could have imagined that in a few hours a work would begin that would bring four hundred converts into that Church in a fortnight? The blessing came; and no people were more astonished than those who received it. It is true that the outburst stands connected, as afterwards appeared, with the hidden intercession of two sisters who

belonged to the Church ; but as a body the Church had done nothing to get ready for such times. Leaving the full explanation of these things as lying beyond us, we must adoringly and thankfully acknowledge that the Grace of God in Jesus Christ is the only source of power. It is alone "by grace Divine" that "we arise . . . to see a heavenly day."

Whilst acknowledging our deep indebtedness to the Grace we are not able to comprehend, we are, admittedly, at the same time to faithfully live and act, both in season of revival and out of season, so that, being in the way of mercy, blessing may light on us when blessing comes. We shall then not miss it ; we shall be blessed, and be a blessing ; we shall both receive and give. The Promise of the Covenant will find fulfilment for us : "I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing."

However indifferent and inappreciative the people in England were at first in the period of the revivalists' 1873 visit, expectation ran high everywhere amongst the best and most active at the prospect of their return in the eighties. This expectation was scarcely fulfilled. The numbers in attendance, the activity displayed, the visible good done, did not equal former days. "The set time" was evidently the period covered by the two years 1873-5 ; and was not to be witnessed again, at least in connection with the work of these good men. Fruit would be gathered, it is true, wherever they might go ; and happy quickening and heartening of spiritual fellowship and life, but it was as the gleanings of grapes after the vintage ; and this served to show that it is well to know "the time, the set time," of visitation, and not to miss it.

The last visit Mr. Moody paid to England was, as stated, in 1891, when he joined friends to accompany them on a trip to the Holy Land, almost the only real holiday he ever allowed himself. He showed the keenest interest in all he saw. The peeps he got of Europe *en route*, the Suez Canal, Alexandria, Cairo ; the journey to Jerusalem, the holy sites, the city, Bethany, the hills, the Garden, Olivet, absorbed his eager attention. Through an interpreter he preached the gospel to natives, and directly to visitors who knew his mother-tongue ; and he was thrilled by the associations of his message. There was the usual disappointment over the tawdry embellishments of traditional sacred spots, and at the bare and dwarfed and impoverished look of the country. The city was no "Jerusalem the golden" to the travellers, but a place of pestering beggars and demand for backsheesh, of filth and ignorance and superstition under alien rule. The Jerusalem that now is, is not the wholesome, motherly, and friendly city it was in the days of her honour and glory ; but is sadly trodden down in a way that must always give pain and disappointment to the sympathetic, intelligent Christian visitor. Our friend stood the trying journey well, and returned, if not as one who findeth great spoil, nevertheless refreshed and recruited in mind and body. He saw everywhere the fulfilment of prophecy, and delighted in the new and realistic grasp his tour afforded him of Bible history and topography. The trip gave him quite a new repertory of Scripture illustration and incident for future readings and addresses.

The campaign he carried through at the World's

Fair in Chicago in the year 1893 was probably the greatest and most successful evangelistic mission he ever held next to the missions in Great Britain in 1873-5. His remarkable organising power was never more fully displayed than at this time. He showed himself again a leader of men. The attendance he secured for his meetings was larger than was seen at the places of amusement the Exhibition plentifully provided. Many gatherings took place daily during the heyday of the Fair, and these, of course, he could not personally supervise. Ubiquitous as he often was, he could not be present at every meeting. He provided for them by his delightful and irresistible way of commandeering suitable Christian ministers and other workers from all the Churches. They took their places according to his dispositions cheerfully and readily, delighting greatly to serve under so wise and unpretentious a leader. The seed was sown broadcast over much soil during these exciting weeks; the message was borne to all lands on the wings of the wind, to be found doubtless after many days in the salvation of men out of every nation under heaven.

This Chicago World's Fair Mission, which reached many people from many lands, was the culminating point of Mr. Moody's evangelistic enterprises. The plan of it, the execution of it, its supervision and control and inspiration, belonged to him, and afforded him the last opportunity he may be said to have enjoyed for the full exercise of his great powers. .

When it was over, small wonder that he felt his need of rest, and that he should turn more eagerly

than ever toward Northfield and its home-quiet, its affections and friendships.

It is necessary to speak only of one more mission of his that had been laid out for him on an extensive scale—the one, namely, that was arranged in the autumn of his last year in Kansas City when he experienced his fatal breakdown. He had gone to that distant city and begun his work under great promise. The usual crowds, running up to ten thousand people, thronged to listen and sing and pray. He had experienced much blessing in the earlier services ; but no service is said to have equalled in spiritual power and solemnity and arrest of attention the last he held—as it proved—the one on a Thursday night. It was the final scene of his years of work. He had suffered from sleeplessness, and had been observed to be not quite himself. The collapse came in heart failure. He was attended watchfully at night by young men from Mount Hermon, now resident in Kansas, who had accorded him the heartiest possible welcome to their city. The medical man called in ordered him home at once. A saloon was provided, and he got through safely—indeed, seemed better at the end of the fifteen hundred miles' railroad travel than when he started. But, though he knew not that he was going home to die, his work was now done. His Master and Lord was about to say, "It is enough."

The sudden call he received found him as ready as the soldier of whom he used to speak who lay in his hospital cot dying of wounds received in the last Civil War. Suddenly the death-like stillness of the room was broken by the cry, "Here ! here !"

which burst from his lips. Attendants ran to him and asked what he wanted. "Hark!" he said, "they are reading the roll-call in heaven, and I was answering to my name." In a few moments there came from his lips a faintly whispered "Here!" and he was then no longer with them, but had passed into the presence of his Lord. Mr. Moody was an officer in command amongst the hosts of the King; and worn out by reason of many long campaigns and much arduous service, he, too, was promptly called to answer to his name in the muster-roll of heaven; and he was ready.

His collapse in view of the needs and claims and fresh opportunities of his work was a mystery. A huge petition had just reached him from Australia signed by sixteen thousand people, begging him to come over and help them. He was also pressingly invited to the Glasgow Evangelistic Campaign, held during the winter season of 1899, his former work in that city, both as evangelist and founder of the Bible Institute, having preserved his memory green among the Churches and missions there; he much regretted that he could not go. His work in Kansas City had just opened out with delightful promise. All around there was generous and loving recognition of the homage he commanded and the confidence he received among all classes of men. His plans at home, both at Northfield and Mount Hermon, and at the Chicago Institute, were only just being completed; and for the first time they afforded the perfect facilities he had long desired for carrying on his cherished work. He never seemed more indispensable to it all than at that time; yet he was taken.



A GROUP OF STUDENTS, NORTHFIELD.



A VIEW OF NORTHFIELD.

The condition of things in the Churches just then was not the brightest and best he had known. The war between America and Spain greatly troubled him. The year was an unfruitful one in evangelisation. He held that the one hope for America lay in the revival of the work of God in the Churches. He had discovered by repeated tests and inquiries that four-fifths of the membership of the Church was the fruit of periods of revival. He looked for more from revivals than ever. He would rather have even sensationalism than stagnation. His longing of heart, oft expressed of late, was "to see 1857 repeated" before he was taken home to heaven. He had been converted just long enough to value the Great Revival in the States that originated in that year. He remembered "'57," and its wave of spiritual power that followed in his then new home in Chicago. The burden of his prayer was, "Haste again ye days of grace."

These days of grace may be at hand ; many see signs that they are. The projected National Conference for the universal federation of the Evangelical Churches throughout the Union is, in part, the fruit of Mr. Moody's work. The fuller knowledge of one another that resulted from Churches being united in his missions, so representatively and generally in the land, had done much to increase and render easy their intercourse with each other at other times. Enlarged acquaintance meant enlarged fellowship, and respect, and love, and co-operation. One of the happy survivals of his movement is a growing desire to come for all the great purposes of the Kingdom of Heaven, nearer to one another. The movement is

yet in its incipient stages, but may be hopefully expected to issue one day in a great Federated Church having its centre of union in the Christ Himself, who is Lord and Head and Master of His own in all communions. The prospect in this respect, we would fain hope, is brightening.

The marvellous growth of the Young Men's Christian Association in America that the last year has shown seems also to have its explanation in the steadfast support our friend gave it all through his life. He did much for it at the time of his visits to England; he did more for it still in his own country. A paragraph in the weekly "Notes" of *The Christian* for March 8, 1900, states that under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. in America, the erection has taken place during 1899 of a handsome structure as often as once in every ten days. "In what esteem ought an organisation to be held which can point to such an event?" asks the *Boston Congregationalist*. The Associations of North America, it appears, have really done this, many of the buildings costing from £10,000 to £40,000 each. "It is not in the mere construction of edifices that we rejoice. But each completed building occupied by bands of young men whose hearts the Lord has touched becomes a centre of religious and moral influences which radiate in every direction." "A nation may well be proud of an Association which is doing such honoured service for Christ." Men who have experience of the internal working of large building schemes will know how to discount the apparent growth that bulks in imposing edifices as compared with the real spiritual condition of things, and the actual output in spiritual success. Yet they will

know at the same time that there must of necessity be great energy and self-sacrifice behind. These new building movements in Y.M.C.A. premises far and near, betoken the interest of many staunch supporters all over the land; and the desire of every well wisher of the young manhood of the Republic must be that the spiritual gain may become commensurate with the money spent and the responsibility assumed. There is every reason to expect that this will be the case, and that a plant is being laid down for the great work the Y.M.C.A.'s will do in the days that are before them.

We look for the development of Mr. Moody's work outside his own institutions along these two lines of Christian enterprise especially; namely, in federated movements and massing of all Christian Churches for the commanding work they have in common, and in the spirited work of Young Men's Christian Associations, which subsidise the activities of all the Churches. It looks as though his work would largely take these two important directions, as well as show itself in increasing volume in the Northfield and Mount Hermon and Chicago Institutions that are more especially linked with his name. Thus the prediction that a friend has uttered since his decease may find its fulfilment, that "he will do more good in the coming fifty years than he has done during his lifetime."

Like the river that waters and fertilises larger tracks of country the farther it runs, so it is with the life-work of good men. Their work does not cease when they cease to live. It continues long after, and often spreads beyond all they could have thought. It is the source of wide and long-flowing

blessing. "Everything liveth whither the river cometh." In yonder hill drops of pellucid water ooze out of a bed of clay, and in their gentle eddying crystal grains of sand play in the spring-head. A small, rippling stream runs over the lip of the little fountain. As it travels on, it gathers body. It is fed and swollen by other rivulets. Further down it drives a mill. Its bed broadens and deepens till in the plains below it irrigates rich pasturelands and makes meadows verdant and trees to grow. As it opens out toward the ocean, it floats on its bosom the commerce of a nation. So is it with the work of a Christian. The lives of most Christians are as the more numerous smaller tributaries of a watershed. The largest rivers are few; yet even these would not be so large if smaller streams did not feed them. The smaller rivers are not always marked, or, if marked on a map, are not always noticed; and the smallest are, perhaps, only locally known. But what would the great rivers be without them? The Mississippi, the Amazon, the Thames? Even so is it with the lives and work of Christian people. The greatest and most eminent would not have been what they were had it not been that the streams of blessing that flowed through them were fed and enlarged from tributary and less known sources.

A Moody would have been the first to own that his work could not have assumed the proportions it did had it not been contributed to by the co-operation of multitudes of devoted and gifted men and women in both America and England. A Spurgeon would have as freely admitted the same thing. Strictly this is the significance of a great

movement. It represents the aggregated activities of many rather than the achievements of one. The manufactured goods of a firm put upon the market bear the name of the firm, with no mention of the hundreds of hands that produced them. A great war centres in a few names of military men in command, a Field Marshal or other General in the field, not in the rank and file, however brave and indispensable. And under those names it takes its place in history. So a great Christian movement, in which mighty victories are won and the Kingdom of Heaven is extended, rallies to a few names, perhaps to a single name of command, and the hundreds or thousands who put heart and brain and hand into it without stint, are quickly lost sight of, are perhaps never recognised save locally by few, and become forgotten amid the onrush and volume of the collected force of life-giving blessing. The sum total represents the concentrated service of many rather than of one or few. The Church was just at a point of need when such work would start, if there were only the right man at hand to set it going. The man was found for the hour; the hosts mustered at his call, and his name becomes associated for ever in the Church with the work. It was so with Luther; he released the suppressed conviction of the Church for reform, and became the leader of the Reformation. The Reformation was brought about by the happy junction of the man and the hour. It was so with the revivals that took place during the last quarter of the nineteenth century on both sides of the Atlantic. The hour was ripe and the man was provided. In this was seen the provision of God's grace. Thus his name

gathered fame, and became the symbol of a revival that brought life wherever it came. Mr. Moody would have hid his name, however, and been content had it never been mentioned more, if only the greater glory might accrue to the Name which is above every name. He would have been the first to own that his name had no glory by reason of the Glory that excelleth.

It would be well before we pass altogether from the story of his missions to mention a remarkable occasion that stands out among many remarkable events, one altogether peculiar in its character—his visit to Salt Lake City, and his preaching the gospel to an audience of seven thousand persons in the Mormon Tabernacle. How far his message reached his audience we have no means of judging. All we know is that he preached Christ the Saviour of the sinful, and sowed plentifully the good seed of the kingdom that, like Utah City itself and the suburbs which sprang from the waste, may yield fruit in the desert.

He was a delegate to the International Congregationalist Congress held at Boston in the last autumn of his life; but he took no part. His Church affinities were more nearly allied to Congregationalism than to any other system; and he was appointed to represent his communion at the Boston gathering. Probably, however, at heart he had no particularly strong preference for the ecclesiastical order of any given Church. His wide and varied work had brought him for forty years into delighted contact with thousands of excellent people in all the Churches, and had taken off the edge of any interest he might other-

wise have felt for one form of Church life in particular. He cherished the breadth of sympathy of Congregationalism, and his early Church associations had been with the Congregationalists after his conversion: so far he was a Congregationalist. But his position gave him a place in all the Churches; his "praise" was in them all, and he claimed them all, and they all claimed him. His work, usually conducted under the sympathetic supervision and guidance of all evangelical communions, became a rallying-point for them all. And the passing to and fro of so many willing feet over the border-line of the separated Churches, truth to tell, rather tended to obliterate that line of demarcation and delimitation, and men found it difficult afterwards to trace the place where it was originally laid down—often, indeed, felt little inclined to look for it.

So it was that Mr. Moody belonged to all the Churches; because he helped them all.

CHAPTER XIV

LOVE, LIGHT, AND SORROW AT EVENTIDE

IF we were able to do adequate justice to the title of this chapter, we think many readers would be surprised to discover in Mr. Moody the tender and affectionate friend, and husband and father, his loved ones and intimates knew him to be.

In the eyes of the general public who gathered their impressions wholly from what they saw of him in his work, he was a man who repelled the approach of affection and discouraged all expression of appreciation and admiration. Often somewhat brusque in manner and abrupt of speech when the prolonged strain and pressure of his duties were upon him, which was usually the only time most men saw anything of him, he appeared to lack the suavity and easy grace of a Christian gentleman. Perhaps he was a little defective here. He was made the prompt and decisive man of action he was known to be both by the severity of early struggle and the incessant pressure of manifold duties afterwards. There seemed no room for the graces of life in his busy career.

Yet if this were construed to mean that he was a man without the light of love in him, or any vein of

fine sensibility to others' needs, or nerve of tender sympathy, then a woeful injustice would be done to his memory, however unintentionally, and a wrong committed against the honoured loved ones of the inner circle of his friends who knew how affectionate and considerate and self-forgotful he was. Mr. Moody was never greater anywhere than he was in his home. "He lived everything he preached," says Dr. Wilbur Chapman, who was as intimate with him in his Northfield life as he was in his evangelistic campaigns under the public eye. The tribute that should be paid to his interior and domestic relationships, if anything like a worthy and complete portraiture is to be given, can only come from the members of his family circle. His son is the best one to tell us this story; and for it we must await his "Life" of his father.

Yet something of it, happily, is already matter of common knowledge. It could not remain wholly hidden from outside view. Northfield visitors have learnt something of it. Friends admitted into the inner place of the home know still more.

The bereavements he suffered in the closing period of his life revealed the fountains of childlike affection that were within. He was a very giant Great Heart in his guardianship of wife and children and home. He was the house-father of the Northfield girls and the Mount Hermon boys; but this claim did not deprive mother and wife and children and grandchildren in the least of the attentions and ministries that were their right. There was something idyllic in the relation that existed between his own house and "The Betsy Moody cottage." The road thither was a much-travelled way; and

the good old mother had it made up to her in many delicate and thoughtful ways for all the hard toil and struggle and suffering of her early widowed days. He had seldom allowed a week to pass without writing to her during all the years he had been from home since he was a boy. She died nearly four years before her distinguished son, whose words spoken at the time showed what he thought would be the advantage accruing to homes and families and society and the nation if all children "were mothered" as her children were.

The death of the venerated and beautiful mother at the ripe age of *fourscore years and ten* led the way to two little graves shortly after, and soon to the grave of the active and honoured son as well. "Mother, we love you still," said the son apostrophising her at her funeral; "Death has only increased our love; goodbye for a little while."

It brought tears to the eyes of strangers to see him in the dark days that bore away in quick succession two sweet grandchildren, *Irene* and *Dwight*. His watchful care night and day, and delicate nursing, of those babes until they died, was a sight to witness. If it so affected those outside, what must it have been to the family inside, to see the strong man bowed in the stricken home, and to observe how he strove to be beforehand with nurse and parents in thoughtful attention and waiting? The tempting fruit with the bloom on it, gathered in early morning hours and arranged with choicest flowers, was put every day by his own hand into the small white hands of the sufferers. He rose earlier than usual and got away to the garden and the dairy, and came home with sweetest delicacies—

fresh fruit, bright flowers, new milk, almost before anybody was ready for them. As long as the wasting little Irene had strength to go out, he would drive her gently, and talk to her in language unknown except to hearts that love; and he felt amply rewarded if he won a smile from her that looked anything like the old smile of bygone days of health. On one of the last days they were out together she had fallen asleep in his arms, and when he reached the stables she was still sleeping soundly, and not liking to wake her he drove into the shade and sat there without moving, and let her sleep on; and by and by when the inquiry went abroad for him and her, and search was made, they were both found asleep, the frail Irene nestling in the arms of the stout grandfather, and he, with the weight of vast religious enterprises pressing in on his mind, sleeping as sweetly as she.

His sorrow was now as deep as his excitement and joy had been great when the news was brought him of the birth of his first grandchildren, Irene Moody in August 1895, and Emma Fitt at the end of the same year. He was as merry as any school-boy liberated for a sudden holiday at the news. He was seen by a visitor driving over to Mount Hermon where the parents' home was, that August morning on learning that his first grandchild was born, and he shouted the happy news expecting everybody to be interested too. He had a basket of doughnuts in the buggy with him. Later in the day he went again, taking this time the biggest cauliflower he could find in the garden—scarcely, we suppose, as a present to the new arrival. But then, men do such odd things at these times. He wrote birthday

letters to them from the time they were one year old, just as though they were able to read them ; and he told them all about the birthday cakes and other matters of supreme interest to grandchildren and grandparents at such times. He promised to steal them early in the morning, before their parents were up, and take them for a drive. Sometimes he was seen standing outside with the horse and buggy long before the good nurses had got the very young ladies ready to receive a gentleman visitor. It was a gay time, those days of births and birthdays. It brought out the playfulness of the grandpa's nature, and did him good, as it did everybody to see him. He told the babies to hurry up and get their teeth, so that they might be ready to eat all the nice things he had ready for them—something a little more to their taste, we imagine, than cauliflowers and doughnuts. When the milk he brought them disagreed with them, he told them that they must not blame the favourite cow he got it from, but those who prepared it. "I don't want to turn you against your parents," he wrote them, "but if they do not treat you right, slip down to my house." He generally had one or both of them at his side in the summer time when he was seen driving. These were peaceful and happy days, days of content and deep flow of home joys.

But they were days that were not to last. The babe Dwight, only grandson and namesake, went home in November, 1898, after one year here. And in nine months, the beautiful four-year-old Irene, his summer outdoor companion, followed. This loss smote him as with a heavy hand ; yet he bore it as a Christian of his love and faith might be

expected to. At the dear child's funeral he said, "We would not have her back, although her voice was the sweetest voice I ever heard. . . . She never met me once since she was three months old until the last few days of pain without a smile. . . . My life has been made much better by her ministry here. . . . The last few days have been blessed days to me. . . . She was very fond of riding with me, and on Monday morning she asked me to take her for a drive, and at 6.30 we went out together. She never looked more beautiful. . . . I thank God this morning for the hope of immortality. . . ."

Some three months later, another girl-baby was born to his son in his stripped home; and the grandfather, who was absent on his last mission, joined the parents by letter in the general thanksgiving—in the very same week, as events proved, in which his breakdown took place. To the babe's cousin, Emma Fitt, now within a month of four years of age, he wrote a child's letter. He entrusted her with the task of describing the grandfather to the little stranger, in order that she might know him by and by. One would like to have overheard what she said. Then, after a little time the grandfather and the two cousins would play and romp together. He concludes his letter to the four-year-old with a kiss, just a little one, which "he sends in a box"—a little "o" enclosed in a square at the end of the letter. This new baby was *Mary*.

Such was the man who was addressing audiences running into ten thousand persons away in Kansas City at that very time, "the St. Paul of nineteenth century evangelism," as friends styled the vigorous and redoubtable revivalist.

Little Mary learns, we understand, between her prattle and laugh already a little about her grandpa, and quite understands that he is gone to Jesus, and plays and romps sometimes with Irene and Dwight. Once she was placed in the sick man's arms after his hurried return home to die ; and she gives her friends to understand that when she meets him again she intends to give him a great big hug.

He spoke at this time in a letter to his daughter of "clouds and roses," alluding to the deaths and births that had been pretty rapid in his family circle of late. Heavy clouds had gathered over his sky and obscured the sun ; and roses, too, had shed fragrance and beauty in his home. There had been tears and laughter, sunshine and shadow. But the greatest sorrow was the sorrow that was to come.

His sudden and serious collapse at Kansas City from heart-failure sent him home in haste, his plans for the remainder of the mission left for others to carry out.

The fifteen hundred miles' journey was a great undertaking for the prostrated preacher, but he stood it well. An engine driver whom Moody had led to God years before, stood at the levers of the engine that drew his train. Learning that Moody was travelling in a saloon car on his way home ill, and that he would be seriously inconvenienced if sufficient speed was not made to preserve the connection at a junction with a Boston through train, the engine driver sent word back to the sufferer that a friend of his was on the engine, and he would get him through ; which he did, making a record on that line for speed. The patient reached home at the earliest possible hour.

This incident of the journey is an instance of the experience the evangelist was always having in these later years of his travels. He was held in love and honour everywhere. He was known on most of the roads, and many vied to make his journeys easy and pleasant for him.

Now he was home his loved ones began to realise how dangerously ill he was. Attacks of heart failure were frequent, and caused much anxiety. He did not himself at first understand that his sickness was unto death. On the contrary, he believed that there was work for him to do yet; and, if so, God would raise him up. Slowly the truth dawned on him, and he confessed his conviction that God was calling him. It is not for us to be present at all the saddened yet triumphant scenes of those last days on earth of husband with the devoted wife, the father with his children and children's children. It is enough to learn that all that medical skill, and all that careful nursing and loving vigilance could do, was done for him. On December 22nd, 1899, a day which he called his "Coronation Day," he went home.

"Earth recedes; heaven opens before me," he said. "God is calling me, and I must go!" "I have always been an ambitious man, ambitious not to leave wealth or possessions, but to leave you work to do." Then he divided the work among his sons and son-in-law and nephew. After this he seemed to see afar beyond the veil. "This is my triumph, my coronation day," he exclaimed. "I have been looking forward to it for years," he said. There was rapture in his face, light in his eager eye. He mentioned the names of his two deceased grandchildren,

and said he saw their faces. There were other utterances that print is too cold to record. "No pain! no valley!" he exclaimed. "It is glorious!" And soon he was gone. He lingered into life. God had called him.

His interment took place on the day after Christmas Day. The spot chosen as his resting place was Round Top, a gentle central hill commanding the peaceful scene around of wood and field, of river and habitation. It was known to be his wish to rest there. On that day there were visible no insignia of mourning, no funeral trappings, no crape, no close-drawn blinds. The material signs of sorrow were made as few as possible. Thirty Mount Hermon students bore the plain cloth-covered coffin in the morning, after a brief service in the house, the half-mile to the Congregational Church where service was held in the afternoon. The floral tributes were beautiful, the church festooned. Dr. Scofield, the pastor; Mr. Torry, the pastor of the Chicago Avenue Church and director of the Moody Bible Institute in that city, took the principal part of the service. Mr. Moody's favourite hymn was sung, "The hope of the coming of the Lord." At Round Top, "Jesu, lover of my soul," was sung. The spot is the centre of most of the scenes on earth that he held dear—his birthplace, his own home for the last quarter of a century, his Institutions and his Conference Hall.

Sitting on that spot with a friend on a recent summer day, Mr. Moody said, "I would like to be here when Christ comes back;" and in that hope he, his loved ones at home, and innumerable



MR. MOODY'S RESIDENCE AT NORTHFIELD.



ROUND TOP, NORTHFIELD, WHERE MR. MOODY IS BURIED.

circle of friends in many lands, now rest, "a great glad hope"—

"Blessed hope of the coming of the Lord."

We are able, with the help of a description given in *The Christian* for March 8th, to take a peep at the grave as seen by the first visitors from England a little more than a month after the day that saw him placed there. It was embowered in evergreen, a beautiful wreath, the loving gift of friends in memory of his sixty-third birthday; a pillow of mountain violets and immortelles was there, and the name "Grandpa" showed whose were the hands that placed it there—the little cousins, Emma and Mary, the grandfather's last child-correspondents.

The offer to erect on the spot a monument has been gently declined, the children wishing themselves to place a simple stone there. The family yet talk of him as still living. Living he is. He had been heard to say many times, "When they tell you some day that D. L. Moody is dead, do not believe it." He would the rather "be more alive than ever." "He being dead yet speaketh;" and it is the living who speak. The land is redolent of his name. Many tributes continue to flow in to his many-sided work. These all agree in acknowledging his power for good. No one seeks to discredit his work. All men admit his genuineness and goodness. Voices silent before, now that his voice is silent speak his praise. Perhaps it will appear by and by that there was sound truth in the opinion expressed by one friend since his decease, that he is the one American of modern

days that merits to be classed with Abraham Lincoln ; that the great President and the great Evangelist are the two most influential Americans of the second part of the nineteenth century : the one in the Church, the other in the State ; the one in freedom of citizenship for the slaves, the other in freedom of salvation for redeemed souls ; two parts of one Christlike work, the one temporal and earthly, the other spiritual and eternal ; the two held together by the golden clasp of One Love.

There can be no doubt about the power of his name in his own institutions. The question, we are informed, that the noble sons now in charge ask is, "What would father do?" If they see what he would have done under the circumstances that may have arisen, the case is decided ; they determine to do the same. So the work is being perpetuated in the spirit of its founder.

It is a magnificent sight to witness hundreds of bright young Christian people being fitted for the high duty and service of the new century in home and Church, in mission-field and school. It follows that the responsibility is great, and that the labour is continuously heavy. Mr. Moody gained his purpose in leaving them "work to do."

He died far from rich in material possessions, having long since abandoned the hope of wealth, that once seemed so near, at the call of Christ. He left a great legacy of work, large wealth of opportunity of doing good to the new generation, not to be missed. And we are confident it will not be missed. His family will see that it is not ; the Church on both sides of the ocean will see that it is not. Gifts for the maintenance of the insti-

tutions must be sent as freely as before, even more freely than before. All who are able, among the vast numbers who first and last in both lands have received benefit from his work, should minister to the Moody Institutions. If this be done there will be no dearth of support. The task of his representatives is onerous ; and we would bespeak the prayers and gifts of all who have received good through his voice and toil in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and his own home land.

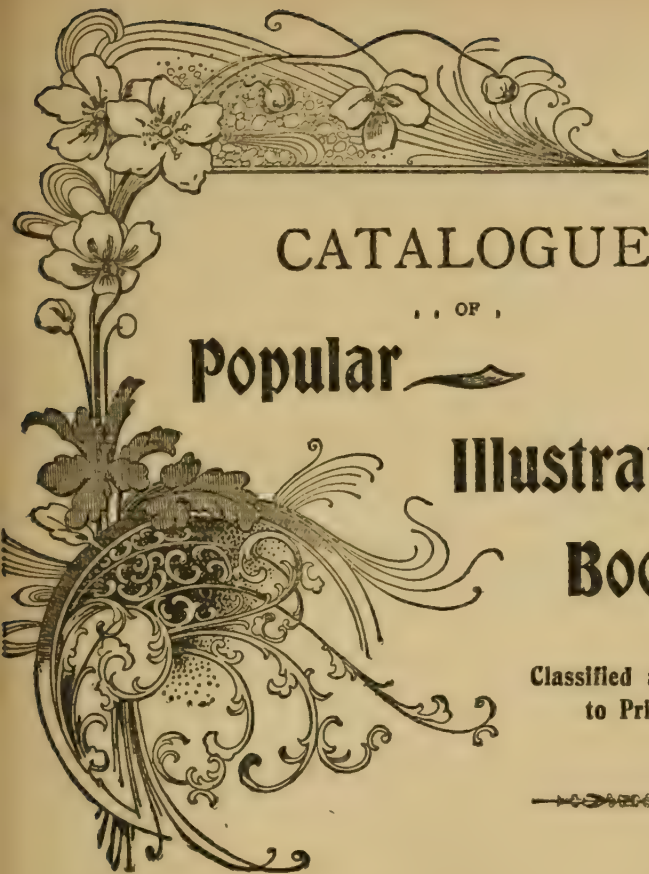
The unexpected tidings of Mr. Moody's death came at Christmas, 1899, when Britain was passing through the gloomiest Christmastide this generation has experienced. It was the darkest part of the South African war. The Press was depressing ; telegrams bore unrelieved news of disaster and sorrow ; hearts bled in cottage and lordly home for the dead and wounded in this terrible struggle ; much sickness prevailed ; the weather was of the gloomiest ; the papers were full of the war. Great men died, and little was said about them, except what was given in obituaries brought out of pigeon-holes where they had long lain. A Ruskin, a Martineau, known leaders of their own order in England, passed away. Less was said of them than would have been said at a different time. They slept in death and were little missed.

The same cause prevented the people of England from giving the attention to the circumstances of Mr. Moody's death that many thought his due. Not that the sad event was altogether overlooked. A successful memorial gathering was held at Exeter Hall. All over the land his name was mentioned with respect and honour and love in many pulpits.

In some instances his friends were disappointed by the Press notices published, which may be accounted for, possibly, by the fact that they were penned before some of the best sides of Mr. Moody's work had appeared. That he will be held in everlasting remembrance by evangelical Christians in England and America is certain.

Mr. Moody was the Great Heart of modern evangelism in England and America.

THE END.



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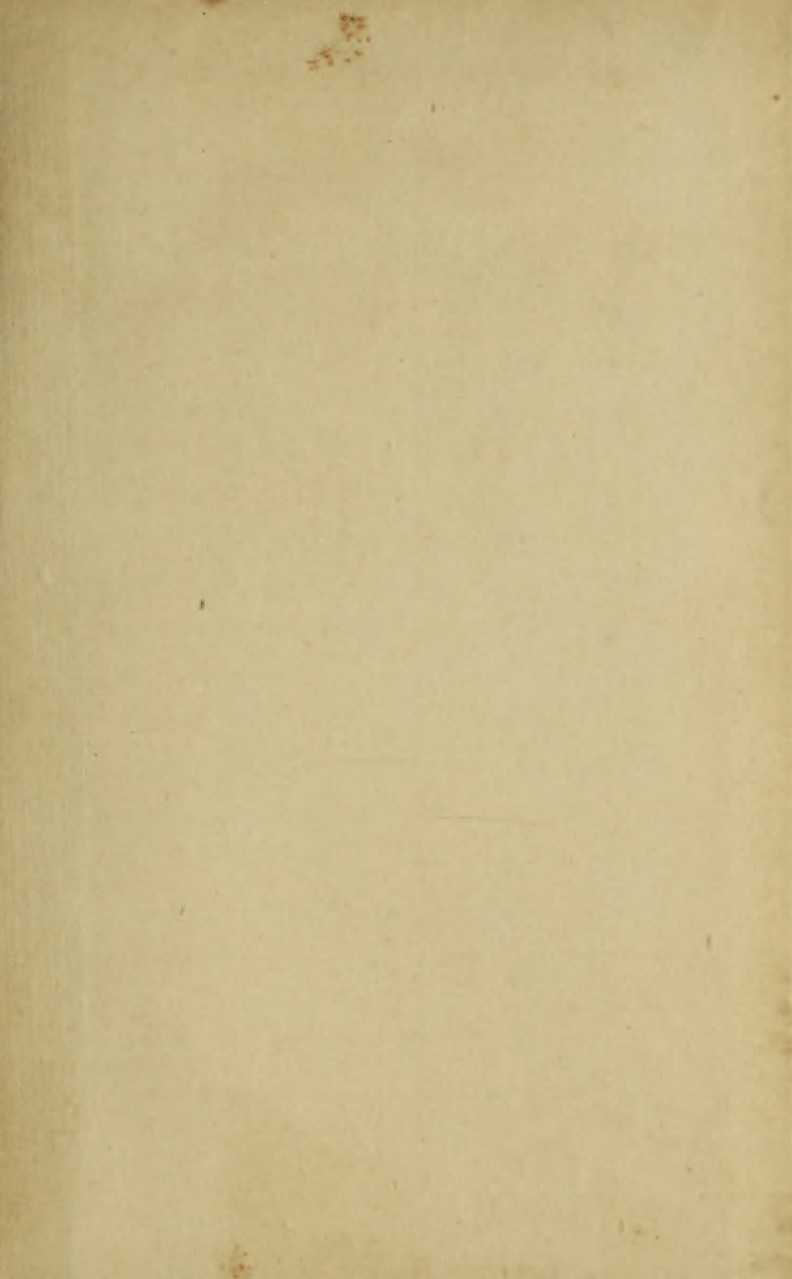
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